A Businessman's Education in Government

The Reporter

October 7, 1954

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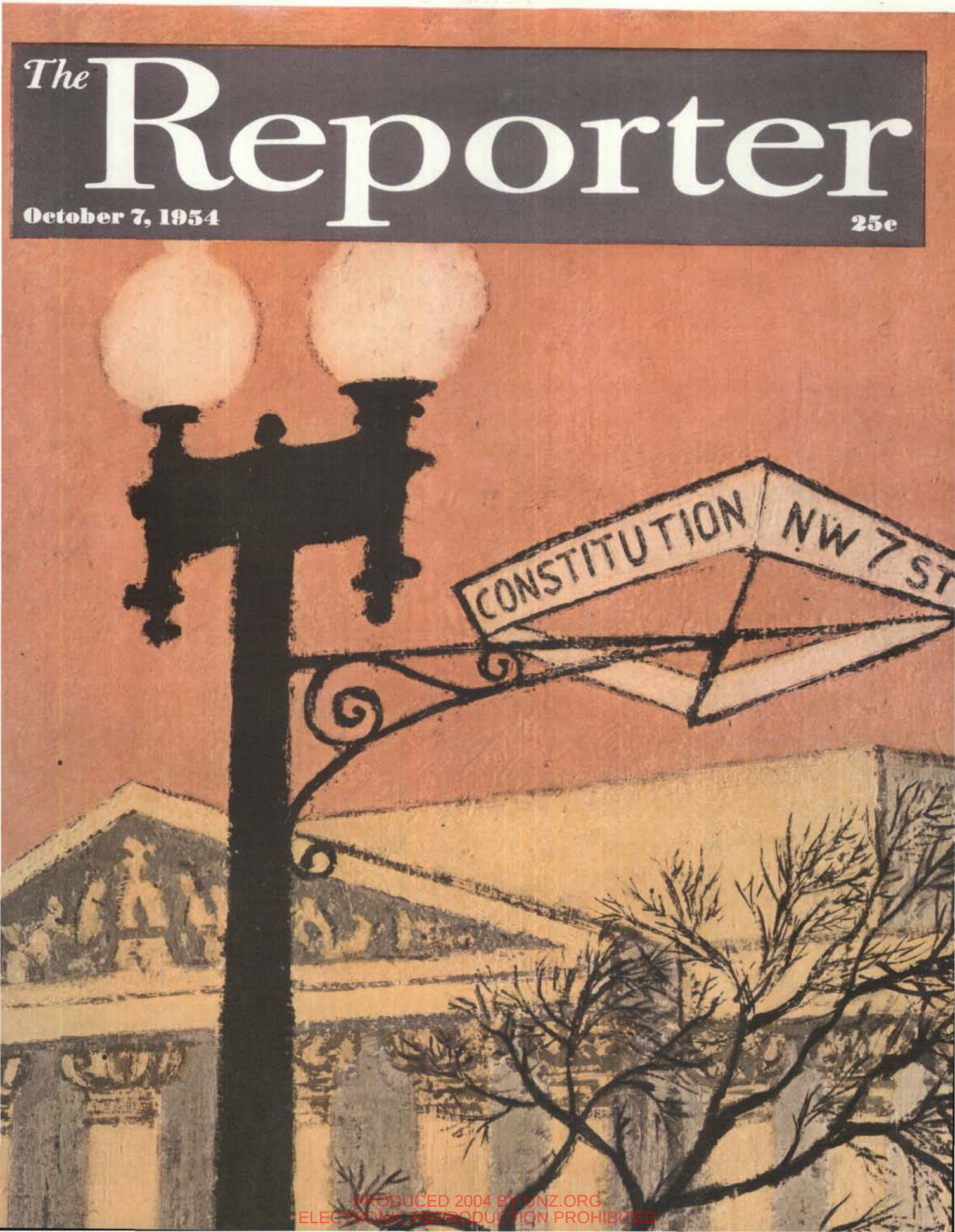

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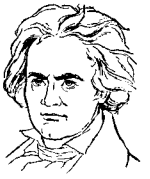

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Formosa, the Test

It did not take much foresight to see that the test was coming—or at least this is what modesty compels us to say, since we have seen the test coming for more than five years. Commenting on President Truman's decision of June, 1950, we wrote: "The President's declaration on June 27 put them [the Formosans] in a sort of limbo, under the pro tem custody of the Chinese Nationalist Army, with the U.S. Seventh Fleet as a floating safety belt. It was an emergency measure designed to prevent the spreading of the Korean conflict. It was also a risky measure, considering that people of all sorts, from Politburo leaders to American publishers, are rooting gleefully for the extension of the conflict.

"The time has come now when our government ought to decide what to do next about Formosa, and perhaps the best way to start is to take a look at the Formosans themselves. They certainly have ideas of their own about the way their island should be ruled. . . . Why shouldn't our government now propose to the U.N. that the Formosans, taking full advantage of their insularity, determine their destiny by themselves, with their own ballots?"

•

WE RETURNED to the plight of the Formosans in two 1951 issues. We quote: "To the Chinese Communists and Communists all over the world, to the Chinese Nationalists and their passionate advocates in the United States, to Asian nationalists, and to our European allies, Formosa has become the symbol of clashing ambitions and fears. The reality behind the symbol is the people of Formosa. We do not hear much about them: They seem merely accessories to the contested land. . . .

"They [the Formosans] already know how hard a price people sometimes pay for the fulfillment of high-sounding political principles: In 1947, not even two years after their long-awaited 'reunion with the mother country,' Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers wantonly murdered thousands of them. . . ."

"Now only Formosa is left of non-Communist China. We submit that if the help given to the Nationalist Government is carefully watched, if the people of Formosa are given a chance to pass judgment on their rulers or to elect new ones if they so please, the unfortunate people on the Chinese mainland may glimpse a future in which they will not have to choose between old and new tyrannies.

"Free institutions on Formosa, we think, could be a far more effective weapon against Communist China than any number of commando raids by Kuomintang soldiers, ferried across, clothed, fed, armed, and shielded by the American government."

•

SINCE 1951, Red China has grown stronger, and this strength, its leaders say, is going to be tested in the conquest of Formosa. At present there is danger that the battle for that island may be fought at Quemoy.

But even if the Quemoy trap is avoided, the pressure of Red China to conquer Formosa is ever mounting. Some of the major powers in Asia, and even some in Europe, are not inclined to dispute what is called the Peking Government's "right." Formosa can fall either to a direct attack from Mao's forces or to treachery inside the Kuomintang regimé—as most of China did. The Formosans cannot defend their freedom against

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They fell, they fell from a great flame,
The faith of man consumed in shame,
The word of reason on its pyre,
The act of love gone up in fire,
  The gray descent of sin.

Oh, gently, gently, soft and gray
  The dreadful ashes fall—
You cannot wash them from your skin,
Appallingly they settle in,
You cannot be too far away
To be enshrouded by this gray—
  It is a rain for all.

—SEC

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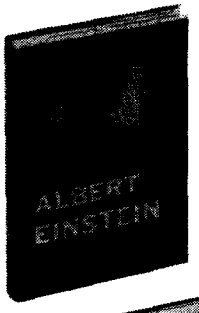

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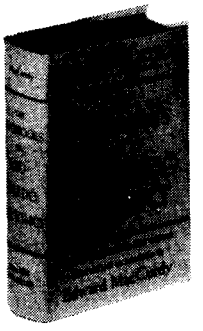

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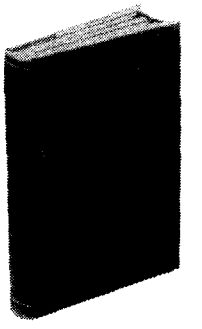

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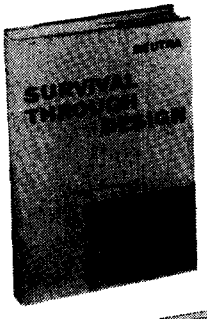

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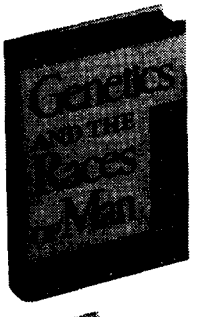

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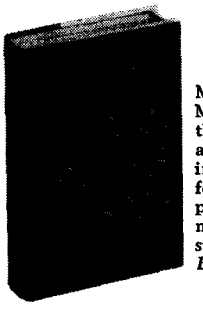

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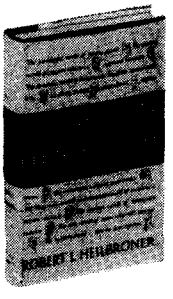

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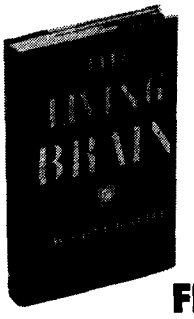

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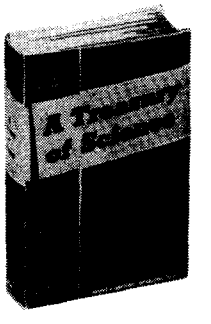

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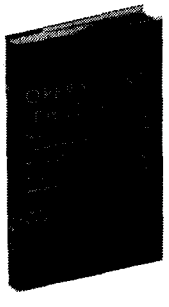

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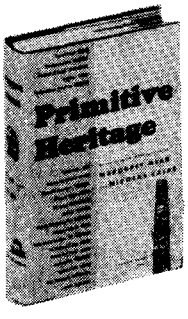

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external attack or internal treachery, for Chiang Kai-shek has never trusted them enough to put weapons into their hands.

Or else Formosa can fall as the result of one of those "global exchanges," to use M. Bidault's expression, that Communists are always willing to consider. This would present our government with the choice of going to war for Formosa or accepting the fall of the island—as it did in the case of Indo-China—as a "temporary setback."

•

As WE HAVE SAID over and over again, only the United States and the United Nations can provide the answer. As far as our nation is concerned, not only for strategic reasons. But out of a decent respect for human beings we cannot let Mao conquer Formosa. Formosa should be neutralized and have its neutrality guaranteed by the United States and the United Nations.

But time is pressing, and our government must act. The plight of the Formosans concerns both our security and our honor. When, in the quiet of his pressurized, ever-flying plane, is Mr. Dulles going to find the answer?

•

Knowland's Turn

The new darling of the extreme Right is Senator William F. Knowland. The newsletter *Human Events* recently has promoted him to No. 1 on its list of favorite people. The California Republican, it reported, has begun to entertain the idea that "he might be Ike's successor in 1956 . . . ." Other information in this periodical, labeled "Not Merely Gossip," purported to give the background of Knowland's September 5 telegram to the President urging a break with Soviet Russia. Certain White House assistants allegedly had written letters to "extreme 'liberal' G. O. P. Senators urging them to work for Knowland's ouster as Majority Leader and his replacement by Senator Homer Ferguson. Knowland's wire, putting Mr. Eisenhower on the spot, was his revenge.

Perhaps by no coincidence, the *American Mercury* for October, 1954, also suggests that Knowland may be Republican Presidential candidate in an article "Knowland and Johnson in '56?" by Patrick McMahon. A paragraph in *Newsweek* for September 20 regarding the Knowland wire says it "resulted in a new coolness between Ike and the Senate Majority Leader," especially because the wire was made public before the President received it.

OUR CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Monday morning, October 11, will find *The Reporter* in new offices at 136 East 57th Street, New York 22. The move from East 42nd Street will take us farther from the United Nations and closer to most art galleries, but will leave us well within the circle of total destruction of an H-bomb dropped anywhere in midtown Manhattan. Readers are invited to interpret these facts as they choose, but are urged to mail their subscription renewals and other communications to 136 East 57th Street, New York 22.

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ALMOST ALL political commentators point out that the Republicans have decided to fall back on the strategy of 1952 and take another ride on Mr. Eisenhower's coattails. The assumption behind this was supplied by the public-opinion polls—that the President has maintained his personal prestige almost intact whereas the Republican Party has fallen in esteem. The assumption implies that the less partisan the President has appeared between elections, the more partisan can be the use of his name during elections. The most publicized political stratagem of the campaign is to use his popularity as a Trojan Horse.

•

THIS BRINGS us back to Senator Knowland. The hide-behind-Eisenhower strategy requires certain things. In foreign policy, it means that the President must be presented to the home folks as the man who brought peace to Korea and brought "the boys" back home. This is exactly the line taken by Knowland's opposite number in the House, Representative Charles A. Halleck. In an interview in *Newsweek's* September 20 issue, he answered one question as follows: "I was talking to a farmer this afternoon and he volunteered a comment. He said: 'My son is back from Korea, Charley, and nobody's shooting at him now. That's good enough foreign policy for me.' Of course, Mr. Halleck is up for reelection in Indiana this November.

At just about the same time, *Collier's* for October 1 came out with a full-dress article, "We Must Be Willing to Fight Now," by Senator Knowland. Knowland stops just short of telling that farmer to send his son back to Korea or thereabouts. He wants the United States to draw a line somewhere, anywhere, in Asia and fight an all-out war if the Reds dare to cross it.

In view of the evident Administration policy, it is odd that Knowland should have decided to come out at this very moment with what the average voter might easily interpret as a call to war.

But if Knowland's admirers on *Human Events* and the *American Mercury* are not entirely mistaken, the mystery can be solved. Assuming that Knowland has Presidential ambitions for 1956, he has no interest in making things easy for the Administration strategists now. Knowland & Co. could hardly take over the Republican Party in 1956 without a Republican defeat in 1954, and they are acting as if they realized it.

There is a most curious lack of enthusiasm for a Republican victory in quarters that are normally vociferously Republican. The extremist press has been chortling over the Republican setbacks in order to bury the present Republican Party and get on with the organization of a "real" conservative party.

Even David Lawrence of *U.S. News & World Report* has trouble getting himself to tell conservative voters to vote Republican this year. In an astonishing editorial in that magazine's September 24 issue, "Principles Above Party," Lawrence refused to do so. "The conservative particularly finds himself in a quandary this time because both the Republican and Democratic parties have in them dominant elements

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which believe in radical doctrines with respect to the use of federal power," he complained bitterly. Lawrence got to the end of his page and never took his conservative voter out of the quandary.

Thus the alibis are being prepared for the fratricidal war in the Republican Party after November. If the Republicans lose control of the two houses, as expected, the I-told-you-so brigade will go into action. Until then, the anti-Eisenhower faction is staying under cover so that the setback can't be blamed on them. They're sitting on their hands and taping up their mouths.

But not Knowland. Why is he so unreservedly candid? Does he really think there is a triumphant political future in his present line?

Perhaps a conviction that has been growing on us ever since we worked on our China Lobby story provides the answer: Knowland is a man of integrity, an honest man, fanatically dedicated to reckless causes.

•

The Club

Democratic campaign organizers are having difficulty getting Senatorial speakers to go into states in which their Republican colleagues are contestants. For example, not a single Democratic Senator could be found to say a word in behalf of Karl Mundt's opponent. The G.O.P. denies having such a problem but admits that it is sometimes hard to get a Republican Senator to go say a few words against a "popular" Democrat, that is, popular with his colleagues in the Senate.

It is a well-known tendency of this body to consider itself an exclusive club. Too bad that every other year the vagaries of the electorate force some fellow clubmen to retire.

MATTER OF DEGREE

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(New York *Times*)

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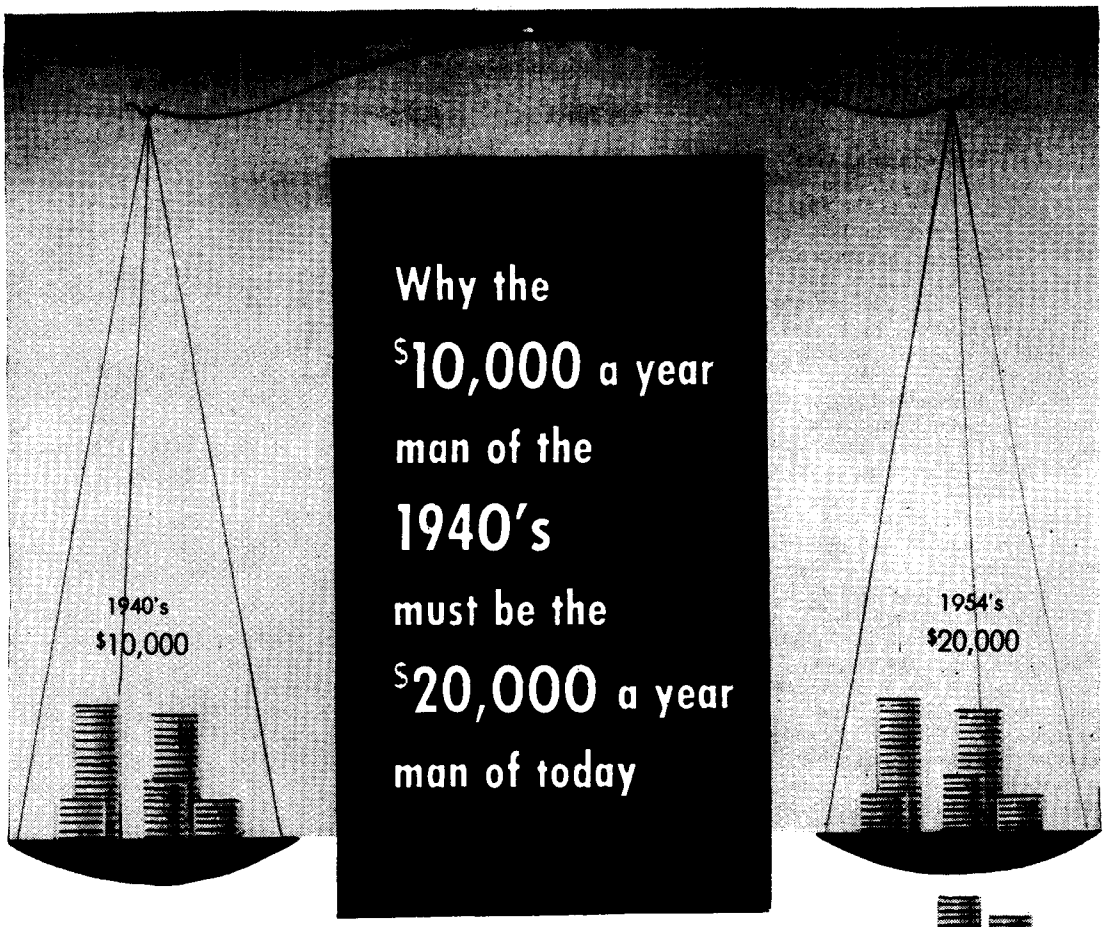

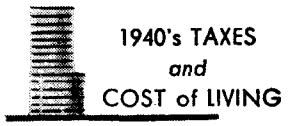

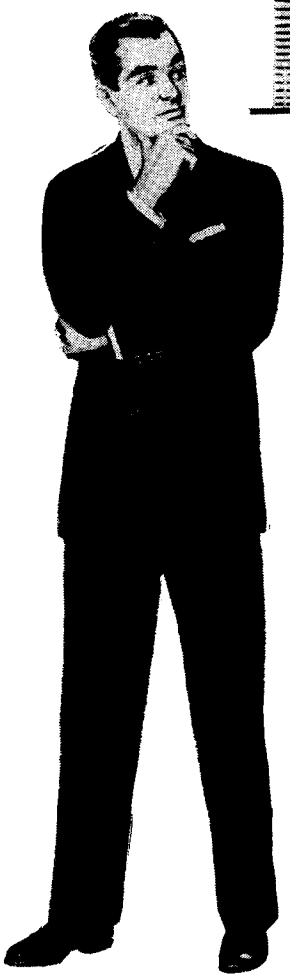

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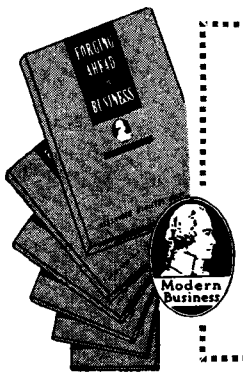

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE LUCKY OXONIANS

To the Editor: In your issue of July 20, you published a story to the effect that two American ambassadors in London, Messrs. Walter S. Gifford and Winthrop Aldrich, had vetoed the nominations of Professors Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and Merle Curti respectively to the Harmsworth Professorship of American History in the University of Oxford. As a historian, a former Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, and as a retired officer of the Department of State, I was greatly upset by this story, and I wrote a letter of protest to the Secretary of State, with a copy to former Secretary Dean Acheson.

The Secretary of State, in a letter of August 3, says, "I could well understand your concern if the facts were as stated in *The Reporter* article. I am glad to be able to assure you that they are not."

Ambassador Aldrich has informed the Secretary that under the terms of the Harmsworth Trust the American Ambassador in London has a nominating right but no veto. The American Historical Association provides the Ambassador with a list of suitable names each year, and the list this year did not include the names of Professors Schlesinger or Curti. Ambassador Gifford denies that anything of the sort ever happened while he was ambassador.

Former Secretary Acheson on July 26 informed me that during his tenure at the Department of State he never heard of the episode and had difficulty in believing that it could have occurred.

I am sure that many other persons besides myself have been disturbed by your article. I hope therefore you will publish this letter giving the testimony of Mr. Dulles and Mr. Acheson.

BERNADOTTE E. SCHMITT
Andrew MacLeish Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of Modern History in the University of Chicago
Alexandria, Virginia

To the Editor: In your July 20 issue there appeared an editorial note entitled "Getting Even With George III." This article contained certain allegations concerning Ambassadors Walter S. Gifford and Winthrop Aldrich which are completely untrue.

I am transmitting to you a letter bearing on this matter which was received by Ambassador Aldrich from Lord Halifax, Oxford University.

"As Chancellor of Oxford University and, as such, an ex-officio elector to the Harmsworth Professorship of American History who was present at the last election, I have been greatly distressed to see in *The Reporter* of 20th July an article purporting to give an account of what happened at two meetings of the Board of Electors. This account is grossly erroneous. Putting aside however that point, the account can only have been derived from an inexcusable breach of confidence. But without myself being guilty of a further breach of confidence, I cannot publicly go into the details of the meetings referred to.

"Having said this much, I feel that I can best close the incident by expressing as Chancellor of the University my extreme regret that this wholly unwarranted attack upon your Excellency and your predecessor should have had its origin in Oxford.

"I may perhaps point out one fact, which is public knowledge: That the Ambassador's duty under the University Statutes of submitting recommendations to the electors is discharged by his obtaining a list of suitable names from the American Historical Association."

CARL W. MCCARDLE
Assistant Secretary of State
Washington

The Editor replies:

We are glad to have, via Messrs. Schmitt and McCardle, the authoritative statements of Secretary Dulles, Mr. Acheson, and Lord Halifax. Maybe, if we were inclined to quibble, we could stress the point that the difference between a "nominating right" and a "veto" is not so great. But we feel very much in sympathy with Lord Halifax and, like him, we don't want to encourage anybody's breach of confidence. Let's settle the whole episode by expressing our firm belief that the things referred to in our editorial note will not happen at Oxford, ever.

THE WORD GAME

To the Editor: Your July 20 editorial comments approvingly on Sir Winston Churchill: "Yet he knows that if coexistence has failed in some instances, in some others it has worked." Austria, Berlin, and Finland are given as examples.

I am reminded of the isolationist writer in 1938 who said that although fascism seemed troublesome in Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and China, it was a fact that we could get along with fascism in other parts of the world. A devastating argument! If you stick your head in the sand and are pinched in the behind by a crab, take comfort in the fact that he has not yet found your nose.

The Austrians, Germans, and Finns are fed up with a "coexistence" which means for them economic ruin, partition, and occupation brutality. The Poles, Czechs, Balts, Chinese, Koreans, and now the Vietnamese know that coexistence is impossible with tyranny.

Why is it that so many *Reporter* writers opposed coexistence with fascism but favor coexistence with Communism?

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN
Associate Professor
Marquette University
Milwaukee

The Editor replies:

It is sometimes amusing to interchange the slogans of the anti-fascist 1930's and of the anti-Communist 1950's, and we enjoy playing this game with Professor Bouscaren. The anti-fascists to whom he refers never opposed "coexistence" with fascism, for the simple reason that nobody thought of "coexistence" in those days. What they asked, if a current term is to be used, was that fascism be "contained." They wanted the people of the western democracies to be alerted and fascist aggressions stopped. This is exactly the position we of *The Reporter* have toward Communism today. We hate "appeasement," just as we hate the current tendency to consider "coexistence" and "appeasement" as synonymous. We refuse to believe that the western democracies have so little idealistic and material strength left that in order to stop Communism, they can do nothing but bring about a situation of "co-nonexistence" —or "co-extinction."

THE OTHER CHEEK

To the Editor: It's high time someone rushed to the defense of the Europeans and their prevailing courtesy and kindness to American tourists. I think Marvin Barrett's article ("Americans, Stay Here!" *The Reporter*, August 17), though perhaps just a mite too much of a good thing (did he and his wife really go clumping into mosques?), should get wide circulation.

I certainly met with the same thing on the four trips I've made there, two since the war ended. I even saw politeness (cool, it's true) offered in a London restaurant to the most obnoxious American it's ever been my dismay to listen to. After a display of unbelievably insulting language (my face was red), I said to the girl all this had fallen on, "I imagine you'd like to take an ax to Americans sometimes." "There must be," she said calmly, "a diplomatic answer to that."

KAY BALD
San Francisco

FOR FREE ENTERPRISE

To the Editor: The editorial note entitled "The Blessings of Monopoly" in your August 17 issue raises for some of us the question "What is a newspaper for?"

"Monopoly," you say, "is not always a bad thing in the newspaper business." You then compare the "unimpressive" competing papers of Boston with the noncompeting but praiseworthy Ethridge morning and evening papers of Louisville.

Without commenting on the relative merits of these papers, one must still ask this question: Not for a journalist, but for the average citizen, what *is* most important in a newspaper: polished writing, first-class make-up, and well-co-ordinated management, or reporting all sides of all questions about which individual citizens must make up their minds? If reporting all sides of every question gets your vote, tell us how we can have that kind of reporting from monopoly.

Those of us who live in small communities, "served" by only one paper, know the shortcomings, the temptations, and, yea, the hazards of monopoly of newspapers. We groan over the merging of each small paper which silences an independent voice. We grieve over this apparent defection of *The Reporter*, whom we had deemed a champion of the independent voice.

BLANCHE BEAL LOWE
Newark, Ohio

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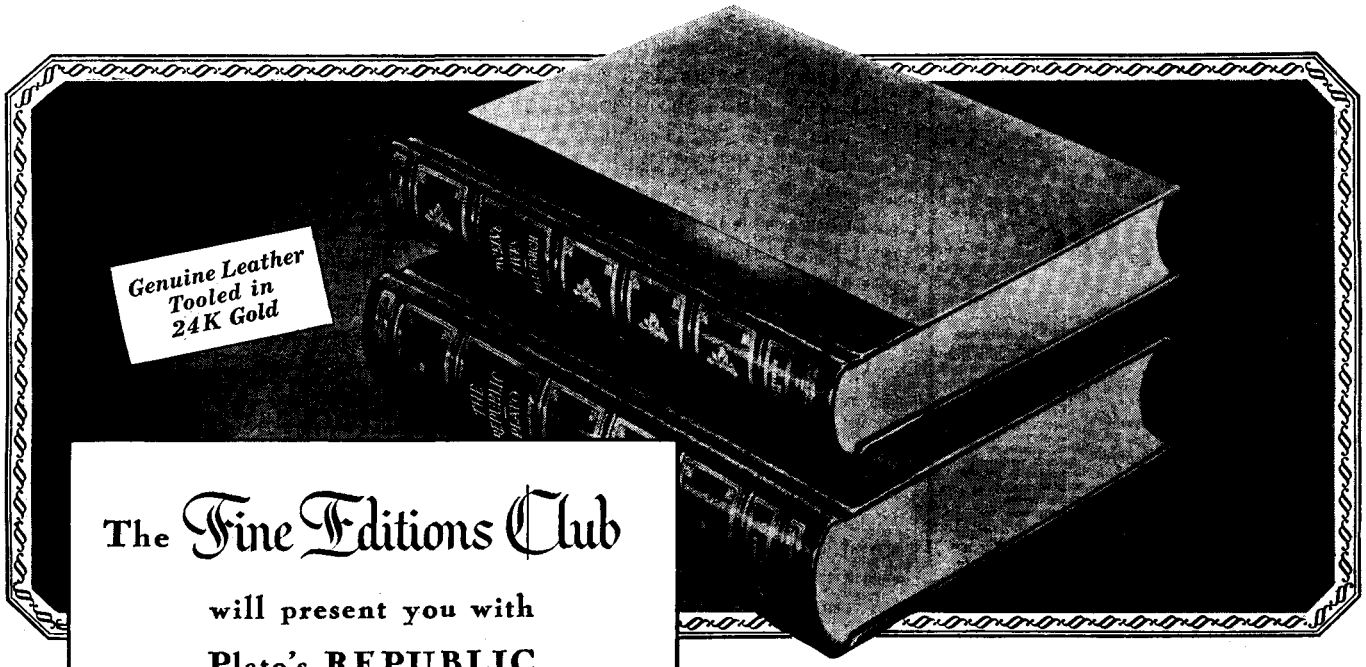

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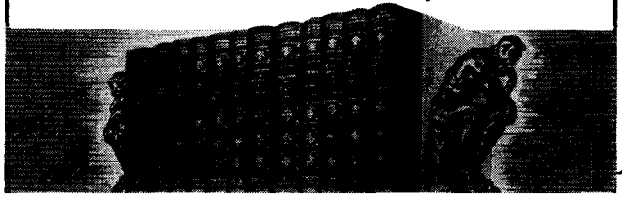

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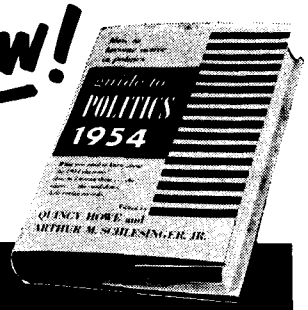

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ALTHOUGH the wrecking job done on the International Information Administration is a thing of the past, and although at least one of the men who wrecked it is at least temporarily in the shade, we think that the story of what happened to IIA needs retelling. For the recent past is a twilight zone in which important stories no longer are in the headlines and are not yet evaluated by history.

We feel that certain things should be rescued from this twilight zone by men whose memories of them are still vivid. Such a man is **Martin Merson,** who tells the story of the beating he took with IIA. It is to his great credit that, having told it, he remains more eager than ever to go right on serving the cause of good government.

We wanted to know how IIA is doing now. An optimistic answer is given by a man who combines political independence with experience in government. **Edward W. Barrett,** who brings the IIA story up to date and adds a few suggestions as to how it may be improved in the future, was Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs in 1951 and 1952.

George Weller's firsthand report on Yugoslavia should help Americans strike a balance between uncritical optimism and unwarranted disappointment with regard to Tito. Yugoslavia, long a principal bone of contention between the East and the West, now seems capable of becoming a bridge between them. Mr. Weller is a foreign correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* and the winner of a Pulitzer prize. He is now writing from Rome.

Goa, Portugal's largest remaining outpost in India, now is threatened by the rise of Indian nationalism. One night in Lisbon **John I. B. McCulloch** watched a popular patriotic demonstration for the retention of this momento of the conqueror Albuquerque and the missionary St. Francis Xavier. Mr. McCulloch, now a free-lance writer, has long been especially interested in the Portuguese-speaking world and Brazilian history.

IN THIS ISSUE our National Correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** reports on the efforts of small-business lobbyist Joseph Meek to displace former professor Paul Douglas as Senator in Illinois.

Robert Waithman, an Englishman who has been Washington correspondent for the London *News Chronicle,* has written a book entitled *Understanding the English.* He understands Americans too, as he shows in his direct and human reporting of an episode that took place in a Lancashire pub.

Few and fortunate and highly praiseworthy are the fathers who will not feel great sympathy for **Bill Mauldin's** troubles as he tells them in this issue.

Marya Mannes reviews some new animated commercials. We are as pleased as she is that they exhibit originality and charm.

IT MAY BE PAINFUL, yet it is necessary to make sure that we are not thinking about a political situation mainly in terms of the dead past. A periodic stocktaking is vital to understanding. **Gerald Brenan** reviews Ambassador Bowers's recent book on Spain. We have always greatly admired Ambassador Bowers. We have reservations as to Mr. Brenan's appraisal of the Franco régime. We have none as to his demand that the Spanish situation be re-evaluated in terms of today. Mr. Brenan, an Englishman who loves Spain and lives there a great part of the time, is the author of what are perhaps two of the finest books on that country—*Spanish Labyrinth* and *The Face of Spain.*

Gouverneur Paulding of our staff, whose business it is to read a great many books, says that he has rarely enjoyed his work so much as he did in reading the volume on which he reports in this issue.

Our cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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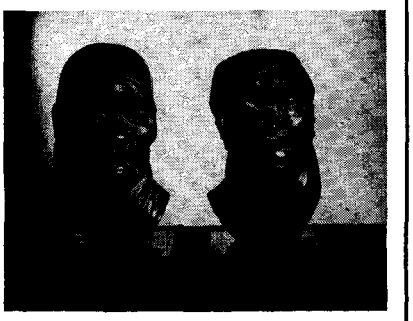

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Breaking the Russian Spell

"NEITHER WAR NOR PEACE": Trotsky tried out this formula on the Germans at Brest-Litovsk, and failed; Stalin used it against the nations of the West that Nazism had made into his allies, and succeeded. To be fair and constructive, any analysis of the present plight of our nation and the western community, any assessment of individual responsibility, must start by acknowledging the strain imposed on the West by this unprecedented situation of neither war nor peace. The Communist leaders alone are responsible for it.

Yet unprecedented as the neither-war-nor-peace situation was when its impact first was felt, our nation was not unprepared to meet it. The men of the Kremlin could try their best to spread throughout the world the insecurity and fear which were the foundation of their power at home. But to counteract their destructive policies we had, in the first five years after Hitler fell, superb, irresistible instruments for both war and peace. We alone had the weapons of absolute war; we alone had the means and the will to rebuild nations and to establish new ties among them.

The peace America was working for is better defined by deeds than by words—partly because of our national distaste for theorizing, partly because our principles of peace were ancient and obvious. There is nothing particularly new in the idea that the people's welfare everywhere is a necessary condition for international peace or that the leaders of a government are responsible for the welfare of their own people. It is no novel idea that the independence of nations has its best guarantee in international and supranational structures which regulate their interdependence. All this was as obvious as the principle of self-help we were preaching to the recipients of our aid. Our country had been made by living up to simple principles as old as civilization.

Through improvisation and fumbling, in an extraordinarily short number of years a new technique of non-imperialistic interventionism in the economic and political affairs of foreign countries was being developed. There were no treatises to prescribe the rules for this new type of unselfish interventionism; but certainly there were plenty of practitioners who acquired the knack and the skill to carry it through.

The Communist provocation, short of war and short of peace, up to the time when actual war was brought to South Korea, only served to give new inspiration and new impetus to our nation's work for peace. This gigantic job of international reconstruction, this rapid building up of a system of interlocking alliances all centered around our country, will probably be recorded in history as one of America's finest hours. It must be credited to men of both parties, although it was accomplished under a Democratic Administration. It gave the outside world a chance to become acquainted with the real image of America.

Metaphorical Wars

This was a new experience for our people, a gigantic effort the like of which could not be found in our nation's history, or for that matter in any nation's. Somehow, the only thing to which it could be compared seemed to be war. Thus it was called the "cold war," and this effort to create conditions of peace in foreign lands in mankind's interests came to be described in strategic and tactical terms, with frontal and flank attacks, with battles for productivity, for the hearts and minds of men. The trouble with these martial metaphors is that every war implies a hard, long pull and finally some kind of peace. But this one seemed to be an emergency of unlimited duration.

Then it happened that within the space of a few months the Communists took away our monopoly of absolute weapons and launched unmetaphorical war against South Korea. The idea slowly started sinking in that those weapons we would have used on the Communists only in case of unprovoked attack could be wantonly used by the Communists against us. And we could expect one Korea after another. Many wars could be imposed on us, and the prospect of a final peace became very dim. We were deprived of both absolutes. The squeeze of Stalin's neither/nor pressed on our flesh and our nerves.

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From that shock we have not yet recovered. Confidence in ourselves and in the work our country had been doing was shaken—a sickening feeling came over us that there could be no end to this thing, a feeling that our strength and our resources could be, and probably already were being, drained. Furthermore, if this thing was war, no matter whether cold or hot, but certainly harassing and devastating, many people began a search for the elusive enemy, and thought they could catch him not far away but at home. Some men were catapulted into national and international notoriety simply for having proclaimed that the main threat lay hidden within our own government. Whenever there are situations that offer rich opportunities for evil, such evil demagogues arise.

On Dead Center

The national distemper was aggravated by the partisanship that Presidential elections inevitably arouse. As a result, during and since the elections such solutions of our conflict with Russia as a preventive war or a roll-back of Communist power have been advocated not by rabble rousers or lunatic gazetteers, but by experienced men anxious to dissociate themselves from the previous Administration, with which they once had loyally co-operated. There have been frantic attempts to find something new, something positive, in the conduct of diplomatic and strategic affairs. The tragedy has been that the "new" has invariably turned out to be a repetition in stingier proportions of what had been done before under a Democratic Administration. The Republican Administration has tried hard to economize on the material and emotional resources of the nation. As a result the number of things this country wants in the outside world has been reduced to a very few items, each pursued with blind stubbornness. See EDC and the anti-Mendès-France reprisals.

One of the consequences of the "new," "positive," "aggressive" policy is that we have become reconciled—for entirely different motives and purposes—to Stalin's policy of neither war nor peace. While our government certainly does not want war with Red China, the mere acknowledgment of the physical existence of the Red Chinese leaders is abhorrent to our Secretary of State. More than a million citizens have petitioned the President of the United States to oppose admission of Communist China to the United Nations. What has to be done with Red China if we can have neither war nor peace with it? These million citizens do not say.

Neither/nor has become one of the traits of our foreign policy. The slogan "trade, not aid" is gradually turning into "neither trade nor aid." We have not yet fallen back on the old isolationism or the idea of Fortress America, but our internationalism, our system of alliances, is greatly endangered by the authoritarian, fitful way in which we treat our Allies. In a recent speech the President said:

"But difficult as is our course, we would do well to reflect that we can, in wisdom and humanity choose no other way. To follow the path of isolation would surrender most of the free world to Communist despotism and ultimately forfeit our own security. Deliberately to choose the road to war would needlessly place in jeopardy the civilization which we are determined to preserve. We shall not be side-tracked into either of these dead ends."

Actually, the honest but weak striving to avoid both dead ends leads to dead center—and we seem to be stuck there. Strangely enough, in certain Administration circles this dead center is called "liberalism."

We adopted the Russian formula of neither war nor peace just after the Russians, in the last years of the Stalin era, switched their tactics—without, of course, changing their strategy. We have let the Communists monopolize the talk of peace, while some of our highest civilian and military leaders do all the jabbering about war. These leaders do not represent the intentions of our government or of our President. Yet they make somewhat plausible in naïve foreign eyes the Communist lies about American "warmongering." In the same way inside our country, in our search for internal enemies or the hunt for security risks, we have not fallen into anything that may be remotely called fascism—the anti-Communist counterpart of the totalitarian disease. But there is just enough fear and repression in our midst to keep our citizens uneasy, our friends confused, and our enemies happy.

Since Stalin's death the new masters of Soviet Russia have switched the course of Russian policy just enough to make plausible the notion that great changes are afoot in their country, that their primary concern is for the welfare of their own people. According to this notion, Russian diplomacy is, of course, good-natured and anxious to co-operate with the West. The Russians never tire of pointing out how our country's diplomacy pushes around or snubs other governments—which is understandable, they say, considering the growing power of American fascism.

An analysis of this kind, which tries to lay bare the external origin and the disordered internal repercussions of our country's disturbances, should end, according to the rules, with at least some kind of exhortation. We don't think it is needed—at least at this time. We have too much confidence in the sanity of the nation. When our nation's leaders and the people behind them wake up to the fact that we are acting as if the Russians were prompting us, this awareness alone will make the nation reacquire the sense of its own destiny.

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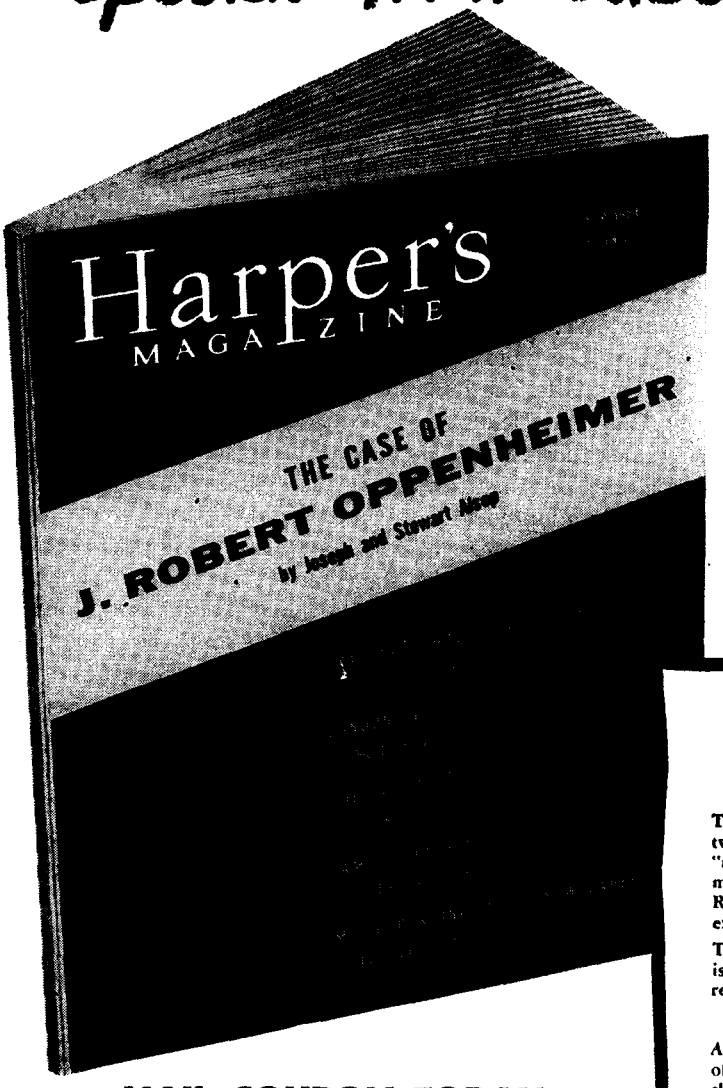

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An outstanding economist tells the dramatic story of the 1929 crash, of the danger signals that were raised for weeks preceding the crash, of the bewilderment of the people and the frantic efforts of the banking industry to ward off the calamity. The author concludes that the time to be frightened about a second similar crash is when some expert explains why such a thing could never happen again. ***John Kenneth Galbraith***

LONDON IN DECEMBER

A charming, personal account by a noted American novelist, playwright, and world traveler, of the peculiar advantages of a "thrift season" visit to London in December. The tourist who has seen London only in summer, he writes, has missed many of its attractions, even though he has spent far more money to make the trip. ***Martin Flavin***

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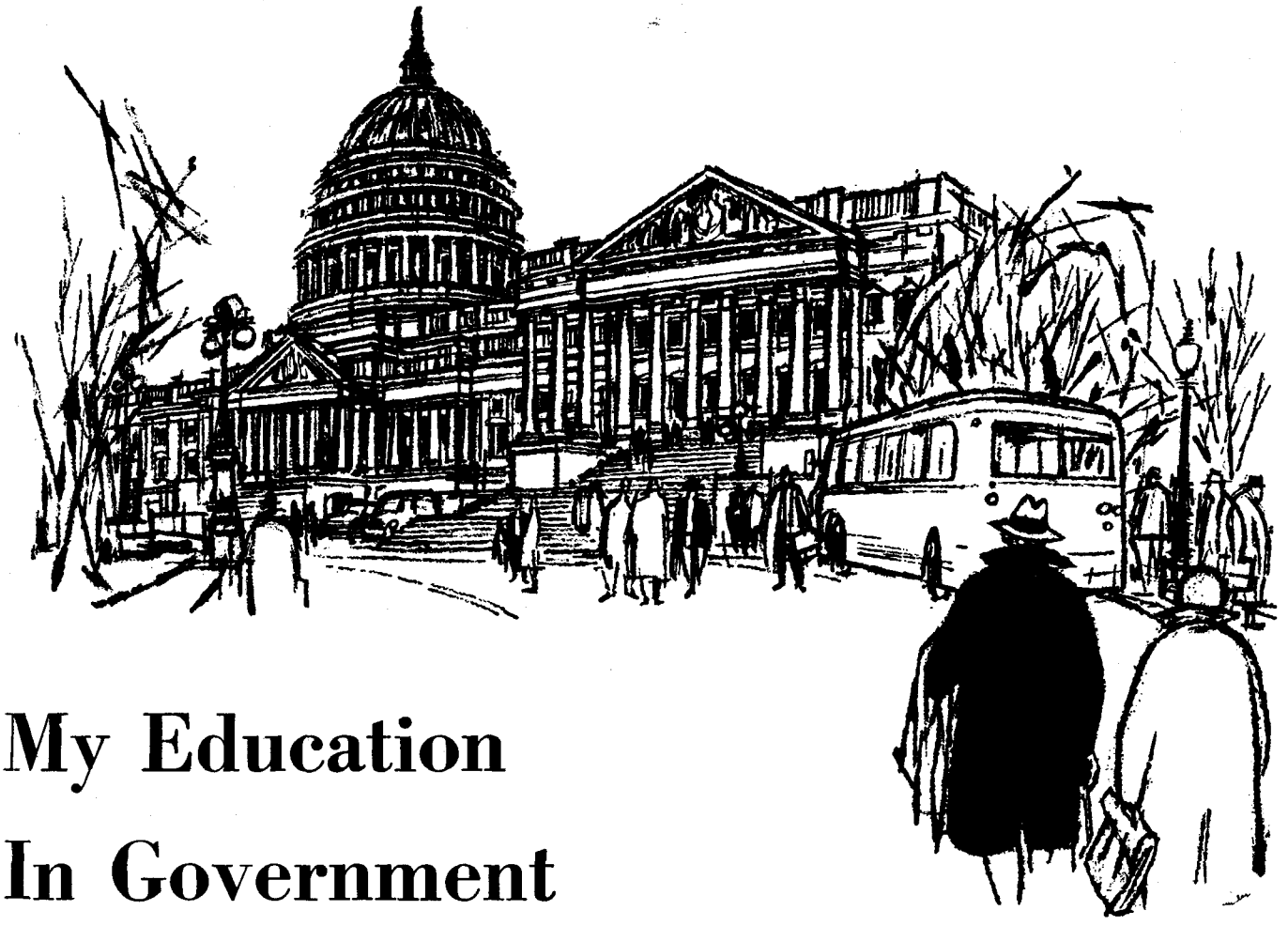

My Education In Government

Expediency vs. efficiency: a businessman's misadventures in the Eisenhower Administration

MARTIN MERSON

As I ENTERED Dr. Robert L. Johnson's office on the morning of February 18, 1953, I saw an unhappy, harassed expression on his face. Johnson, president of Temple University and former national chairman of the Citizens' Committee for the Hoover Report, was holding a sheet of paper in his hand.

"Martin," he said, "I want to read you something." It was the draft of a telegram addressed to the Secretary of State declining the post Johnson had just been offered of Director of the International Information Administration. In his draft reply, still unfinished as he read it to me, Johnson with characteristic modesty explained that he didn't feel qualified for the job. As I knew, he was also thinking of his high blood pressure, which only recently had been giving him trouble.

I heard him out with a mixture of dismay and unbelief. Then I began to talk. I begged Johnson to recognize that he had no moral right to reject the job. He had worked long and hard to nominate and elect General Eisenhower, and he had urged thousands of others to do the same. I reminded him of the long letters he had written to SHAPE headquarters in France when the General was debating with himself the far weightier decision whether or not to accept a Presidential nomination. Johnson could not now, I argued, ignore the central argument he had used with Eisenhower: that in a healthy democracy the national interest must override personal desires.

I kept on talking. Presently Johnson glanced up and gave me a sharp look. "Martin," he said, "I'll do this if you will." He promised he would accept the post forthwith if I would agree to go down to Washington with him as his right-hand man.

THE TABLES were now turned, and the moment of decision proved just about as difficult for me as it had for Johnson. But my answer could only be "Yes," for Bob Johnson and I had many things in common—above all an ardent interest in good government and a faith that it could be achieved.

Johnson, a conservative Republican from away back, had made his name in private life as one of the initial organizers of Time, Inc., which made him a millionaire before he was forty. Following that he headed his own advertising agency and then turned to public service and educa-

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tion, accepting in 1942 the presidency of Temple University in Philadelphia.

As for me, I come of a traditionally Democratic family. I had gone to Annapolis and served in the Navy, later resigning my commission to take a law degree at Harvard. I had been legal counsel for four years with American Radiator and Standard Sanitary and subsequently represented U.S. Steel in South America. In the Second World War, I had seen Navy service in the South Pacific, including a tour of duty as executive officer of the naval base at Guadalcanal. Afterward I had settled down in Easton, Pennsylvania, as director of the legal and patent division of the Dixie Cup Company. Turning my attention to community activities, I directed the Northampton County Citizens Committee for

the Hoover Report, of whose national organization Dr. Johnson was the head.

Naturally I was delighted when my group was singled out among three hundred county committees across the land for having done a pilot job of alerting the citizens of an entire community to the need of "Better Government at a Better Price." I am especially proud of the several personal letters of praise I received from Herbert Hoover for my work.

I Joined the 'Crusade'

It was because of my distaste for political machines, waste, and the old-fashioned pork barrel that, in 1952, I abandoned my long allegiance as a Virginia Democrat and turned to Eisenhower, believing that the party of Truman could cleanse itself only through defeat. I went on the radio as a Democrat for Eisenhower, speaking to the "workingman and the independent." Over my name I addressed ten thousand copies of an open letter to businessmen, educators, and labor leaders in every county of the nation. After the victory of November 4, it was only natural that I should take on the job of executive director, under Johnson, of the Temple University Survey of Federal Reorganization, which had been created to bring the Hoover study up to date and make it available to the incoming President.

And so it was that I found myself in a small group, including Nelson Rockefeller, Milton Eisenhower, and Arthur Fleming, the President's Advisory Committee on Government Reorganization to whom we would present our Temple Survey, at Mr. Eisenhower's Morningside Heights residence on November 30, 1952. We were there to consult with the President-elect on our plans to place in his hands by Inauguration Day a blueprint for improving the structure of the Executive Branch. As it turned out, all we got was our pictures in the paper, since Mr. Eisenhower had already departed secretly on his famous flight to Korea.

Against this background I could give my friend Bob Johnson only one answer. I agreed to go down to Washington with him as a special consultant, but only for thirty days. With a wife and three school-age children to support, that was all I felt I could afford. I ended by staying on for five months, partly out of my devotion to Bob Johnson, partly out of my stubborn conviction that, given good intentions and hard work, it *was* possible to achieve good government.

In the weeks that followed I got an education in practical politics at the highest levels. It was a rich experience for me, full of impressions that are still vivid in my memory.

I RECALL especially my first visit to the White House, the pride I felt in participating in a conference with some of the President's closest advisers, and the chill and anger in my bones when I realized that the powerful men assembled there had cast their unanimous vote, in a matter of great importance to the information program, for what was openly described as the most expedient solution. Sherman Adams, the President's Special Assistant, who was presiding, pronounced the word "expediency" as if it meant nothing more than efficiency.

I also remember the strange revelations that came to me at a small dinner party at the now famous Schine apartment in the Waldorf Towers in New York. The Hearst columnist George Sokolsky was the star of the evening, slow-spoken but rapier-witted, speaking always somewhat pompously but with far more intelligence and sophistication than he chooses to show in his columns. He is certainly one of the most self-assured men I have ever met—and a man on whom I came to rely for good advice and assistance in the political jungle of Washington.

Above all, I remember those men in government who felt that constant and public reiteration of high ideals had somehow earned them the right to practice the low arts of compromise and backstairs deals.

II. Caught in a Squeeze Play

The International Information Administration (IIA), which Johnson and I took over on March 3, 1953, had long been a stepchild of foreign policy, still housed and controlled by the Department of State. It had been closely scrutinized by our own Temple Survey and by many other groups, and the consensus was that the foreign information office ought to be converted into an independent

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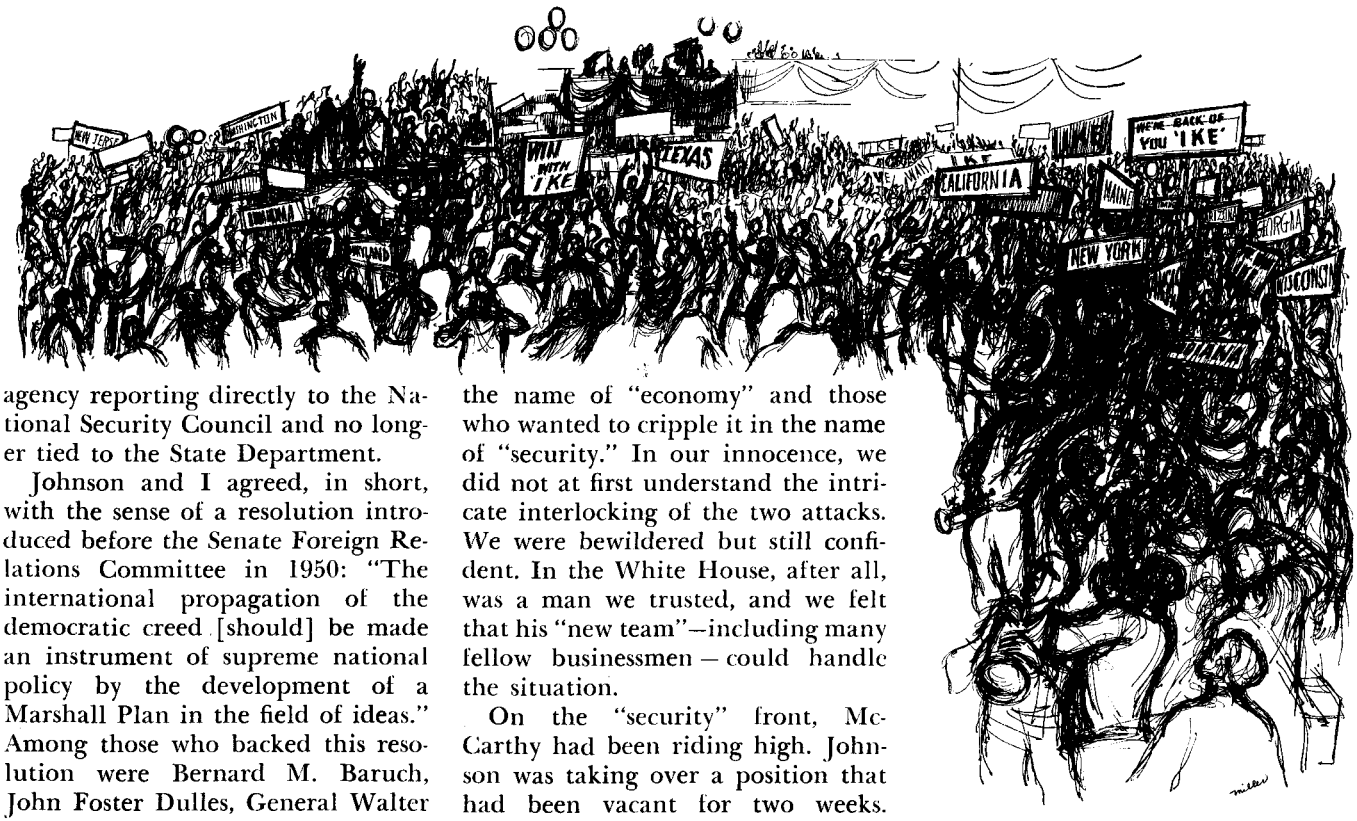

agency reporting directly to the National Security Council and no longer tied to the State Department.

Johnson and I agreed, in short, with the sense of a resolution introduced before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1950: "The international propagation of the democratic creed [should] be made an instrument of supreme national policy by the development of a Marshall Plan in the field of ideas." Among those who backed this resolution were Bernard M. Baruch, John Foster Dulles, General Walter Bedell Smith, and, particularly, the then president of Columbia University, Dwight Eisenhower, who had remarked that he was in such "complete and absolute accord" with it that he feared he might "experience a sense of frustration in trying to express how deeply I do agree."

A new agency, then—revitalized, scrubbed clean, and divorced from the State Department—was our aim.

As FOR Senator McCarthy, whose hearings on Communist subversion were then going on, Johnson and I would wait and see. Both of us wanted close and friendly relations with McCarthy. In fact, before leaving Philadelphia Johnson told the press, "I think he [McCarthy] is a good American who wants to see that the Voice works properly. So do I."

What Is an 'Et Cetera?'

We soon learned that our job would not be quite so simple. After a few days in Washington, we recognized that we were caught in a squeeze play between the forces of Representative John Taber (R., New York), Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, and the forces of Senator McCarthy – between those who were crippling the program in the name of "economy" and those who wanted to cripple it in the name of "security." In our innocence, we did not at first understand the intricate interlocking of the two attacks. We were bewildered but still confident. In the White House, after all, was a man we trusted, and we felt that his "new team"—including many fellow businessmen – could handle the situation.

On the "security" front, McCarthy had been riding high. Johnson was taking over a position that had been vacant for two weeks. During that time America's $100-million-a-year propaganda agency, with its world-girdling radio network, its news files, film services, traveling exhibits, lecturers, exchange students, and public-affairs offices and information libraries in more than eighty-nine countries and territories, was without a leader. Its last chief, Dr. Wilson Compton (a Taft Republican, but also an "Acheson holdover") had resigned his post in February. Such was the impact of Senator McCarthy and his supporters, who were holding up the IIA to America and the world as a nest of subversives, that a few weeks before Johnson and I arrived in Washington a basic reversal in all IIA propaganda instructions had taken place.

This was the famous "et cetera" directive of February 19, 1953, which ordered flatly that "No material by any Communists, fellow-travelers, et cetera, will be used under any circumstances by any IIA media." The directive further instructed all outposts to remove any material in these categories forthwith. Who was a Communist? Who was a fellow-traveler? And what was an "et cetera"? The instructions didn't say.

This policy directive had gone out to all of America's 201 information-center libraries abroad, with their more than two million volumes and their files of several hundred selected current American periodicals.

Since early postwar days, our overseas information centers had been guided by policies based on the concept of a "balanced presentation" of American life and ideas. Even though a few American left-wing authors had already been banned from the overseas libraries, the basic principle was that the content of a given book, rather than its authorship, should be the determining factor. This concept had been set forth by a distinguished group of private citizens known as the Subcommittee on Books Abroad of the United States Advisory Commission on Educational Exchange, chaired by Professor Martin McGuire of Catholic University.

The new directive represented a public and official repudiation of this position. Overnight the U.S. government became the butt of worldwide ridicule and contempt.

WHAT I learned about the origin and background of the directive was even more discouraging and bewildering than the directive itself. The directive had been carefully reviewed and okayed both by the new Assistant Secretary of State for

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Public Affairs, Carl W. McCardle, and by the new legal counsel to the Department, Herman Phleger. Both of them were Dulles appointees who were evidently unwilling to consider the implications of that "et cetera."

One man who had not been afraid of facing the implications was the chief of the Voice of America, Alfred H. Morton, a veteran radio executive who had been chief of the National Broadcasting Company's radio program and television services and then television director for Twentieth Century-Fox. "Doc" Morton, on receiving the new ukase, fired back with the message that, unless specifically so instructed, his VOA would continue its long-standing policy of using the words of Communists (Stalin, for instance) whenever they could be used to expose Communist lies and failures. The Department's policy desk replied that under the new order he could not use *any* words for *any* purpose by a Communist or an "et cetera."

The very next day, Under Secretary Donald B. Lourie was approached by Francis D. Flanagan, chief counsel of McCarthy's Government Operations Committee, who informed him of Morton's message. This was the first Lourie had heard of it (evidently confidential Department messages were getting through to the McCarthy Committee before they even reached the Department's own front office), and he hurried to the senior Under Secretary, Walter Bedell Smith, who at once took the drastic step of publicly suspending Morton from his post. Morton was reinstated the next day when cooler counsel prevailed, but when I saw him soon after at the Voice, he seemed a broken man, his control over his staff shattered.

No Help from Above

Such was the legacy that confronted Johnson and me when we moved in on March 3, 1953. Meanwhile, we ourselves knew very little about the organization itself and its people. Perhaps it *was* full of Communists and their sympathizers, for all we knew. Perhaps its library shelves *were* packed with subversive books. On our first day on the job, we held a scheduled meeting of the President's Advisory Commission on Information in our rooms at the Anchorage Apartments instead of in our offices at 1778 Pennsylvania Avenue, so as to run no risk of being overheard by persons we couldn't trust.

This commission, headed by Dr. Mark A. May, director of the Institute of Human Relations at Yale University, included such substantial figures from the business world as Philip Reed, chairman of the board of General Electric and a close friend of President Eisenhower; Ben Hibbs, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post;* Erwin Canham, editor of the *Christian Science Monitor;* and Justin Miller, chairman of the board and general counsel of the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters. They were deeply disturbed about the new "et cetera" instruction and its effect on our work abroad. They felt that it should be withdrawn and a more sensible instruction written. Public reaction against it, both at home and abroad, was such that the Psychological Strategy Board in a special report to the President urged immediate countermeasures lest the United States suffer a major defeat in the forum of world opinion.

On March 5 in a letter to Secretary Dulles we asked for new instructions that would allow us to correct the situation. Two long weeks later, we got them—and I still remember the shock I felt the moment I read them. In effect, Dulles had confirmed the February directive. The new directive, pursuant to Dulles's memo, did omit the loose expression "et cetera" but ordered continuing removal of works by those "who obviously follow the Communist line or participate in Communist front organizations," and the withdrawal of issues of magazines if they contained "any material detrimental to the U.S. objectives." Again, vague words like "detrimental" and "U.S. objectives" were not defined.

The new paper also promised lists of banned authors and added a new interdiction: The identification "by name [of] any international Communist unless absolutely necessary" was strictly forbidden. The new directive was issued to our stations abroad on the very same day.

Perhaps Johnson and I, receiving the new instructions, should have gone to the mat to oppose them, or turned in our resignations right there and then. I can only repeat that we were swept up in the con-

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fusions of the hour and in our own ignorance of the facts. We didn't know then that as of February, 1953, out of a total overseas library inventory of over 100,000 titles by 85,000 authors, our centers reported holding only thirty-nine copies representing twenty-five titles by eight authors whose affiliation with the Communist cause was a matter of public knowledge.

We were preoccupied, as businessmen with a devotion to good government, with the impulse to right a battered but important organization, trusting to the support that had been warmly promised us by the Secretary of State, the Vice-President, and the President himself. But the support was not forthcoming. It took Johnson and me five long months even to begin to undo, on paper at least, the "et cetera" directive. We were never able to undo all the damage it had wrought.

III. The Opposition's Two-Platoon System

Shortly after we arrived on the job in Washington we called on Vice-President Nixon. Johnson knew and admired Nixon and hoped that the Vice-President, who was known to be the high-level mediator between the Executive and Legislative Branches (and who reportedly had McCarthy at least partly under control), could bring us the support of both. We came away feeling that the meeting had been a great success.

Nixon himself seemed well informed about our agency and its work, and he echoed President Eisenhower's vigorous expressions of support. He even went so far as to say that instead of the $100 million or so we were spending annually on our world propaganda effort, we might soon be spending a billion or two each year. If the cold war could be won by propaganda alone, far greater sums in defense costs could be saved. These remarks, made at the height of McCarthy's attacks on the Voice of America, gave us a great lift.

TWO WEEKS LATER, however, Secretary Dulles appeared before the House Appropriations Committee to say disdainfully of the IIA that "the entire future of that venture is . . . obscure" and that "the nature of the operation, assuming it is continued at all, has yet to be explored." We began to see the handwriting on the wall. Obviously something had happened to John Foster Dulles. I recalled his testimony of 1950 before the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee on the proposed "Marshall Plan" of ideas ("I believe that upon the effectiveness of so-called propaganda information within the free world . . . may hang the question of war or peace . . ."), and I began to suspect that what had happened to Mr. Dulles was Congress—or at least those elements of it represented by Senator McCarthy and Representative Taber.

Lunch on Capitol Hill

We already had some evidence of the pressures Dulles might be under from Congress, the same pressures we ourselves were about to face. This was a memorandum dated March 2, 1953, from Thurman L. Bernard, in private life a leading advertising executive, who had served in the information program under three Administrations and continued to serve until his death a short time later. He reported that "Taber has been trying to kill this activity ever since it began," and he went on to say that he felt that the McCarthy hearings on the VOA and the Administration's indecision about the future status of the IIA would "give Taber all he needs to

say, 'Let's give them enough money to liquidate this thing until the government decides what to do.' He has always hated this program."

We soon found out that "Barney" Bernard possessed extraordinary clairvoyance. On March 13, Johnson and I journeyed crosstown to the Capitol for what turned out to be one of the most amazing luncheons of my life. It was held in the Speaker's dining room, a long, narrow room with the tables set at the far end and chairs near the entrance, where we sat down and talked before eating. In a corner, near the door, stood a clothes tree.

The luncheon, we learned, was in honor of O. K. Armstrong, a former Republican Congressman from Missouri who had lost his seat to Dewey Short as a result of redistricting and who had then settled on psychological warfare as his calling. We had met Mr. Armstrong before; he had paid us a surprise visit at Temple University just as we were preparing to leave for Washington. We knew that Short and others, eager to do a retiring Congressman a favor, had been boosting Armstrong for the top position in IIA—and Armstrong had candidly informed us in Philadelphia that he would be willing to accept the next berth down. We were amazed at this but were even more astonished a few days later when we made our official call at the State Department to report for duty; Secretary Dulles had only one piece of advice to offer: "If you want to succeed, hire O. K. Armstrong."

THE LUNCHEON soon got under way. Seated at the head table were Speaker of the House Joe Martin, Secretary Dulles, Representative Dewey Short, and Senator Karl Mundt. Scattered about at other tables were Under Secretary Lourie, Representative Taber, Senators H. Alexander Smith and Frank Carlson, and a good many other powerful Representatives and Senators—altogether an impressive show of Congressional power.

After luncheon, Dewey Short introduced his friend O. K. Armstrong, who walked over to the corner where the old-fashioned clothes tree stood and moved it over to the end of the head table. Then he produced a number of crude charts, and hanging them one by one on the hooks of the clothes tree, proceeded to lecture his captive audience on how *he* would organize the IIA. The point of the luncheon party, with its massive Congressional attendance, was perfectly plain. It was Dulles's advice

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writ large: To save the information program, we had better take in O.K., who would clean out the "pinkos" and guarantee a bigger appropriation. What satisfaction the Secretary of State received from the lecture I shall never know. But Johnson and I never did take on ex-Congressman Armstrong.

Jacob's Voice, Esau's Hands

As we left the luncheon, we headed, all unwittingly, into another grim and astonishing episode. Along with Donald Lourie, we decided to stop by for one of our first talks with Taber. We found him, his shrewd young eyes peering out of his very old face, deep in conversation with Representative Cliff Clevenger (R., Ohio), chairman of the subcommittee that would soon be holding hearings on appropriations for our agency. (The quality of Clevenger's mind was clearly revealed in these hearings when, in raising the question why we should spend money for information work in Great Britain, he remarked that he had always disliked the British because his great-grandmother had been scalped by their Indian allies and her hair sold to hair buyers.)

After some general chitchat, Clevenger turned to Johnson. "Dr. Johnson, you seem like a very nice man," he said. "We've heard nothing but good things about you, but your agency is full of Communists, left-wingers, New Dealers, and radicals and the best thing you can do is to take the funds you have on hand, liquidate it, and go back to Temple."

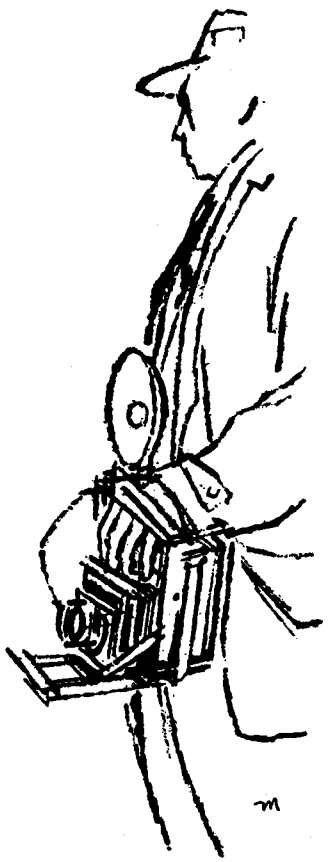
I was watching John Taber. I remembered a dear friend of my father's, an Irish philosopher who dabbled in politics and who was fond of quoting the Bible. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau." Old John was pleased with his pupil's recitation. Yes, he said, the IIA was decidedly "pinko."

WAS THIS the kind of "good government" we backers of the Hoover Report had fought for? Was this a threat or a joke? The President had called Johnson down to Washington on four days' notice. He'd been asked to drop the reins of a large university, to give up directorships in eight large business enterprises, to disregard the state of his health in order to operate an agency that Eisenhower and Dulles had both said was of the highest importance in the bitter world-wide struggle to win men's minds.

How to square this with the fact that Director of the Budget Joseph Dodge cut the January, 1953, estimate for the fiscal year 1954 from $114 million to $87 million, which was cut again by the House to $60 million, then raised by the Senate to $80 million, and finally fixed at $75 million in the Senate-House conference? We were given a total payroll of 7,500 people. Against these pitiful resources was arrayed the power of a Soviet propaganda machine costing, according to reliable estimates, between one and two billion dollars a year and employing an enormous number of full-time professional propagandists.

But Taber and Clevenger were in deadly earnest, as "Barney" Bernard had warned us. Worst of all, there were many others who shared their thinking. When Johnson called on Herbert Hoover in his apartment at the Waldorf Towers in New York to ask him to intercede with Representative Taber to provide funds for our program, the former President flatly said "No," and went on to declare that the IIA was so permeated with leftists that the only solution was to liquidate it completely, firing all its personnel.

WE SOON learned how poorly informed Clevenger and Hoover were. Soon after he had taken office, Johnson told the State Department's new security chief, Scott McLeod, "I'll back you to the limit: You send me information on anybody you think is a risk, and I'll fire him." I now think such a sweeping promise was unwise, particularly in view of the loose definition of a "risk" under the terms of the President's Security Order 10450. Yet although McLeod's office handed up several names of people to be fired, not one IIA official in all my five months with the organization was brought up on any charge involving loyalty. Out of a total of nine thousand employees—the staff had not yet been cut to 7,500—only six during that period were discharged as "security risks." And



this, remember, was during the McCarthy Committee investigation of our agency.

In fact, the better Johnson and I came to know the staff, the more we were impressed by the ability and dedication of the great majority, business and professional men alike, Democrats as well as Republicans. I am ashamed now when I think of some of the outstanding men we let go. Others, disgusted, could not be persuaded to stay. And there were very few new people who cared to come in.

The 'Security' Front

The obsession with security, which set the prevailing tone in Washington then as it does now, ranged all the way from the frivolous to the salacious. The irresponsible charges and countercharges, the "secret" name lists, dog-eared from constant circulation, and the little black books, the hurried tipoffs by phone, and the double talk in crowded rooms and corridors, most of it so contradictory, so wildly improbable—all this gave me at times the feeling that mutual espionage had become a new kind of intramural sport or political parlor game. It was

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something that neither the Hoover Report nor the Temple Survey had foreseen.

On my first "official" day in Washington, I went from Dulles's office, where Johnson was sworn in, directly to the office of Donald Lourie, the new Under Secretary for Administration. There we met with the new Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs, Carl McCardle, who was in effect our immediate boss and our channel to Dulles, and Scott McLeod, the Department's new security chief, who had also been sworn in that day.

I heard McLeod remarking to Johnson: "You ought to hire Frances Knight as your administrative assistant—she has been passing along information to Senators McCarthy and Bridges. . . ." Miss Knight, we were dismayed to learn, was a veteran employee of IIA. She later became Assistant Deputy Administrator to Scott McLeod, a position she still holds.

I BEGAN to see the security problem in an entirely new light. Viewed from behind the scenes, it was simply a new weapon in the arsenal of political infighting. It was being used to create and abolish jobs, to hire and fire, to make friends and influence constituents, to defend Congressional bills or defeat them, to hamstring policy, and to hurt or hinder one's political opponents. The fact that many innocent and decent government servants were sacrificed or irreparably injured did not seem to matter much.

A Formidable Arsenal

I began to understand the intricate interlocking of the two battle fronts on which Johnson and I were engaged in defense of the IIA. On the "economy" front we were faced by: Taber and Clevenger in the House; McCarthy, a power on the Senate Appropriations Committee; and far in the background, Styles Bridges, chairman of that committee. On the "security" front there were Robert E. Lee, chief investigator of the Taber Committee, an ex-FBI man who was later appointed a member of the Federal Communications Commission; David Schine and Roy Cohn of McCarthy's staff; and Scott McLeod and his right-hand woman, Frances Knight. At the IIA we had to keep in mind that Lee was an old friend of McCarthy's who had worked in harness with members of the Senator's staff on the disgraceful Butler campaign against Tydings in Maryland; that Schine and Cohn had often bragged to us about their "loyal American underground" in

our New York offices of the Voice of America; and that McLeod had only recently left the employ of Senator Bridges, while his assistant, Miss Knight, who according to McLeod had been passing information on our agency to both Bridges and McCarthy, was also close to Taber.

Altogether it was a formidable machine of aggression, the more so since most of its parts appeared to be interchangeable. McCarthy, the champion of "security," often threatened to use the purse strings to gain his ends; Taber, the St. George of the budget, had his own list of "security risks" in IIA as his ace in the hole. The Taber list, which he first presented to Wilson Compton, former chief of the IIA, and later sent to Lourie, who passed it on to McLeod and to us, was if anything more preposterous than the one I later received from Schine. It included the names of two high-ranking Foreign Service officers now occupying key posts abroad whose records had come under constant and careful scrutiny—one of them had been cleared by McLeod himself—; another F.S.O., John Paton Davies, who was not, and to my knowledge never had been, employed by IIA; and a gentleman charged with associating with Morris Ernst, a well-known New York lawyer who specializes in civil-liberties cases.

A Slow Retreat

With little or no support from the White House or the State Department—except, of course, for resounding statements about the enormous importance of our program to the free world—and with unremitting pressure from the Bureau of the Budget, we could only beat a slow retreat. At the end of our first month in office Johnson and I took stock: We were making a good deal of progress—backward. On March 20 we canceled construction of the two super-power radio transmitters, BAKER EAST and BAKER WEST—favorite targets of McCarthy, who declared in headlines across the country that the project involved Communist "sabotage." This was nonsense, as was proved by a special study prepared at our request by Tracy Voorhees, former Under Secretary of the Army. The real reason for our retreat, of course, was economy plus indecision at the top; the National Security Council failed to say whether the BAKERS were essential to U.S. strategic communications.

On April 1, again as an economy measure, we reached the decision to cut out virtually all short-wave broadcasts to non-Communist nations (a reduction from eighty hours to three and a half hours a week), and were thus able to drop our contracts with the five private stations that had carried these broadcasts. It was generally felt that we had put quite a feather in our cap. We had saved the government three and a half million dollars and had abolished 350 jobs.

WHEN THE owner of one of the private stations, who could ill afford to lose his government contract, protested to the President in person (who turned him over to one of his advisers, whose office forthwith passed the buck to mine), I could only say that he shouldn't be talking to me but to Joseph Dodge and John Taber: *They* were deciding what kind of information program we were going to have.

Finally, on April 2, we mailed out

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dismissal notices to 636 employees of IIA. It was not the first of the reductions in force or the last, but coming, as it did, just at the end of our first month in government service, it left us feeling pretty bleak. Both Johnson and I felt that the increasing tensions of the cold war called for a greater propaganda effort than ever. But Johnson was a good and loyal soldier. Dodge spoke for the President—and that was that.

IV. Les Enfants Terribles

Like many other officers of the Executive Branch of the government, we were forced to spend, or rather to waste, an appalling amount of our time with Senator McCarthy's two young men Cohn and Schine. In fact, we had to put up with them more than the other agencies because they regarded the McCarthy investigation of the IIA as being more or less their own brain child and by far their most successful stunt to date.

Since Johnson and I had decided on first arriving in Washington to do our best to win McCarthy's cooperation, we would apparently have to get on with his two youngsters as well. I began by trying to like and to understand them. I spent endless hours with them—on the phone, at luncheon, at dinner, and in meetings in our offices.

As the investigation of our program continued, with all the attendant publicity of televised hearings and blaring headlines, the two young men became more and more demanding. They kept on referring casually to chats with the Vice-President and other senior members of the Executive and Legislative Branches. Their constituents were the headlines, their seat in the Senate was the seat of Joe McCarthy. They produced lists of officials who on some personal charge or other should be fired if we weren't to get into trouble with "Joe"—and names of others whom we ought to hire in their place.

JUST AS I was closing my desk on the evening of April 29, I received a call from Schine, who was evidently in a gleeful mood. He said they had had a nice day at the hearing on the Hill interviewing a senior man on our overseas staff named Theodore Kaghan, who among other things had testified that he had shared an apartment with a Communist before the war. This was the first either Johnson or I had heard

that Kaghan had been called in to testify. A pretty bad record, Schine remarked with satisfaction. He assumed we would promptly get rid of the man.

Kaghan was an official with a record of brilliant and effective anti-Communist work in our German mission who had made the mistake of not being sufficiently co-operative with Cohn and Schine during their visit to Germany. Where did we ourselves stand? The top officials of the State Department simply ducked the Kaghan issue—and so did we. It is to my everlasting shame and regret that much more of such damage would be done to our country, our agency, and to a host of innocent fellow humans before this farce had run its course. Like our superiors, we had tried to avoid trouble. But I saw now that trouble was going to be inevitable.

AFTER WE issued our first batch of "reduction-in-force" notices, our relations with Cohn and Schine took a new turn. A cry of dismay arose from the camp that had been loudest in demanding a purge of our agency, namely, the men around McCarthy.

For it now appeared that many of those earmarked for dismissal in the process of weeding out officials with low seniority were persons who had made private contact with the McCarthy Committee. Quite unintentionally we were breaking up McCarthy's underground network at the Voice and shutting off the informers from their promised reward. So Schine intimated to me, complaining that a lot of good people were being let out at the Voice, and asking that we issue a freeze order at once. He was going to see the Vice-President about this, he told me, and he was sure the President would "go along." Later Cohn came after me even more importunately, complaining that the people who co-operated with them were being let out and the ones who did not were being taken care of. He went on to list specific individuals and jobs involved.

'Call Me David'

We thought it high time we talked to McCarthy himself and tried to get him to call off his boys. Vice-President Nixon had promised Johnson that he would arrange a meeting between him and McCarthy as soon as Johnson "had everything under control." When the Cohn-Schine activities seemed to be undermining that control, I asked that the meeting be speeded. Accordingly, Johnson and I appeared at the Vice-President's office early one morning for an appointment with the Senator. But at the last moment McCarthy sent word that he had decided not to show up. Later, Roy Cohn told me that the reason McCarthy had not come was that he was not yet convinced we were "co-operating" with him. We then suggested a meeting on April 24 with Cohn

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and Schine at our own office. They did not show up. On April 27 the same thing: meeting arranged, but no Cohn and Schine. The next day they stalked into our office with Frances Knight and we listened to another speech about whom we should hire and fire. Later that day, Schine was on the phone. He suggested that I call him David—and wouldn't I please do something about giving a certain candidate of his a job?

In the White House, close to the Presidential ear, sat crisp, sophisticated C. D. Jackson of Time, Inc.—the President's closest adviser on psychological warfare. Aroused by the Cohn-Schine maneuvers, we corralled Jackson for lunch, described how these boys were wrecking the morale and integrity of our agency, and asked him to go to the President to request his support if we told McCarthy and his henchmen that enough was enough. But Jackson blandly answered that he wouldn't dream of approaching the President on the subject: It was Eisenhower's "passion," he reminded me, "not to offend anybody in Congress."

A week later, Johnson himself tried to get an appointment with Mr. Eisenhower, to whom he was supposed to have direct access, only to be told that the President was solidly booked for two weeks ahead. I mentioned this to a top Central Intelligence Agency official, who was also a good friend, describing my growing sense of frustration. "Why don't you try C. D. Jackson?" he answered. "Maybe *he* can help you."

We finally turned for assistance to the bulky columnist of the Hearst newspapers, George Sokolsky, an oracle of American orthodoxy as well as a close friend of both Herbert Hoover and Senator McCarthy.

Hoping to make some workable, nonofficial contact with the extremists who were sending down their bolts from the Hill, Johnson invited Sokolsky to dinner one evening in May. In the course of the evening, the famous columnist produced a little black book from which he read out accusations against IIA officials who, he said, should be fired. It was the list of McCarthy and his boys all over again. I lost my temper and challenged him for proof. He had none that made sense to me. Smoothing matters over, he assured us that he could succeed where the Vice-President had failed in getting us together with McCarthy. But again, this was easier said than done.

Another preparatory meeting, it seemed, had to take place before the Grand Panjandrum on the Hill would consent to meet the President's information chief.

The Sage of the Waldorf

The preparatory meeting took place high up in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers in New York, in the apartment of David Schine's parents. Roy Cohn was there and so, of course, was Schine. After dinner, Sokolsky leaned back and resumed pontificating about how our agency should be run. Later I was to get valuable advice and assistance from Sokolsky, but this night it was the same familiar round. Names of persons to be fired and hired were tossed about. The public-relations man Carl Byoir arrived, to put in his opinions and incidentally to hear any confidential information Cohn and Schine might choose to retail.

Still another meeting had to be held before the great confrontation could take place. On May 18 I dined at Washington's elegant Colony Restaurant with Cohn and Schine. There it was explained to me again that Joe didn't want to meet with us until we had given more proof of "going straight." Cohn called for a table telephone in order to ring up his chief, who, he said, was at the

moment having dinner with Under Secretary Walter Bedell Smith at the latter's home. The implication of this tidbit was not lost on me.

At last, on May 23, the Senator consented to appear at a dinner given by Johnson in the Presidential suite of the Statler Hotel, along with mediator Sokolsky and the inevitable Cohn and Schine. Apart from joshing Johnson about certain supposed "subversives" whom he had not yet removed, McCarthy was almost in a benign mood. Promises of mutual co-operation were exchanged, and the Senator promised to send along more specific information on the individuals he wanted dismissed from IIA. George Sokolsky, meanwhile, got into an argument with Cohn and Schine on the subject of purging American composers of reputedly leftist associations, Sokolsky arguing over his long cigar that he didn't want to see Aaron Copland put on the blacklist, whatever his politics and associations, since he personally considered him one of America's greatest living composers.

'I've Got a Little List'

We had tried to steer toward calmer waters, but the whirlwind was still raging all around us. Having agreed to the Dulles March 17 "book directive," we found ourselves having to issue lists of banned authors. Frightened officials abroad sometimes got ahead of us and removed from U.S. information centers books and magazines that had not been placed on the list at all. Subordinates in Washington, too, reacted to the wave of fear: Thus, when a request from our office in Vienna came in for a collection of photographs of leading American contemporary composers for a cultural exhibit, the exhibit had to be canceled at the last moment because the State Department security office "questioned" twenty-three of the composers of whom pictures had been sent, including the late Walter Damrosch.

About this time McCarthy came up with a new charge against the IIA: We were harboring on the shelves of our overseas libraries thirty thousand copies of books by Communist authors. Where in the name of Heaven, we asked ourselves, did he get such a figure as that? Presently we thought we had the answer. Over a period of several weeks McCarthy's staff had come up with 418 names of authors plus a few playwrights and artists and were

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demanding information about their representation in our overseas libraries. While McCarthy did not specifically tag the individuals on this list as Communists, the implication was plain that he considered their loyalty very much in question. A little exercise in mathematics on our part revealed that the total number of copies of book in our libraries by these 418 came to just over thirty thousand.

The McCarthy list itself was a shocker. A few obvious names such as William Z. Foster and Howard Fast had been lumped with some of the most respected names in our literature. I recall the name of Foster Rhea Dulles, cousin of the Secretary of State, and the names of such anti-Communist liberals as Elmer Davis and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Some of the most prominent educators and historians were listed: John Dewey, Robert M. Hutchins, Henry Steele Commager, Zechariah Chafee, and Bernard DeVoto. And when it came to novelists, poets, playwrights, and critics, the roll call read like a Who's Who of contemporary American writing: Franklin P. Adams, Sherwood Anderson, Brooks Atkinson, W. H. Auden, Stephen Vincent Benét, Louis Bromfield, Van Wyck Brooks, Theodore Dreiser, Edna Ferber, Archibald MacLeish, Quentin Reynolds, both Carl and Mark Van Doren, Edmund Wilson, and many others.

THE PRESIDENT, as his contribution to what had now become the modern Battle of the Books, remarked in a press conference that he thought we should not purge the books of the detective-story writer Dashiell Hammett, who had only recently pleaded the Fifth Amendment. The Secretary of State, when I went in to see him on June 15 on the "book question," remarked plaintively, "Why have they got my cousin on that list?" Johnson held a press conference on June 25, and when he was asked what had been proved against people like Vera Micheles Dean and Clarence Streit that their books should have been removed, Johnson answered that he didn't know. "Why are their books banned, then?" was the next question. Again the director of the IIA could only say that he didn't know.

It was perfectly true. We had repeatedly asked for a complete and authoritative list of Communists and fellow travelers against which we could check the authors represented in our libraries. We had asked the State Department's Security Division, which in turn asked the FBI, the CIA, and the House Un-American Activities Committee. Nobody had one; nobody knew. We were all working in the dark—and making fools of ourselves.

Now a world-wide newspaper storm descended upon the State Department and us as "book burners." Johnson and I tried to stem the tide by ordering our overseas officials to put controversial books not specifically proscribed back on the shelves. On June 27 Schine sent to my home an imperious document entitled "Summary of VOA Situation," demanding the dismissals of veteran officials who had been checked and rechecked by the FBI and their replacement by persons high in his own esteem. He made no loyalty or security charges against the men included on his list of "undesirables"; there were no grounds for that and he knew it. It was simply a question of David Schine's judgment against that of an executive agency of the U.S. government. I still keep the original document as a curious and depressing piece of political Americana. But I forbear to quote it.

Having placed this unique result of his investigations into my hands, Schine followed up with a telephone call in which he said we had better act on it: It was our last chance. I am happy to be able to report that we ignored it.

V. Operation DOGMUZZLE

I had hoped that as the battle lines tightened and as we approached the all-important appropriations hearings on Capitol Hill, we might win more support from Dulles. But the Secretary seemed to want to wash his hands of the whole business. When Senator Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. (D., Missouri), wrote him a letter sharply criticizing his March 17 instruction reaffirming the spirit and intention of the infamous "et cetera" directive, Dulles dictated a reply more or less defending the March 17 order and suggesting that, in any event, the responsibility for directives on this subject lay not with him but with us. When he showed this draft to Johnson and me in his office, I objected strongly, pointing out that it amounted to passing the buck to Johnson, who had had no part in the February directive, and who had issued the one of March 17 under instructions from Dulles himself. Dulles sent the letter anyway.

Sokolsky's Study Group

But I thought I saw a loophole. On June 22, I had written Dulles asking him to delegate responsibility to us for getting out a new directive which would place our book policy on firmer ground. We now had his reply, a memorandum to Johnson: "I delegate to you the responsibility for issuing such working-level directives as will in your opinion effectuate Congressional intent which led to the establishment of the overseas book program."

What, we wondered, was the difference between a "working-level" directive and a regular policy directive? And what was meant by those carefully chosen words, "effectuate Congressional intent?" We know that the original Smith-Mundt Act, under which the IIA was established,

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and subsequent recommendations of the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress had envisaged the overseas libraries as being representative of American life in the broadest sense? Yet the memorandum did give us some leeway to act and a chance to get both the Administration and the IIA off the hook.

The last intelligent policy we had had about overseas books had been inspired by advisers outside the government. Perhaps outside advisers might bring some sense into our work again. So I turned again to George Sokolsky for help and advice. I asked him to make up a list of spokesmen of varying shades of opinion who might draw up a workable policy for us. Sokolsky—an extremist, to be sure, but a public-spirited one—promptly produced a panel of possible helpers in several categories: "liberals"—Norman Cousins of the *Saturday Review,* Professor Sidney Hook of New York University, Philip Graham of the Washington *Post,* President William F. Russell of Teachers College, Columbia, and Dr. Max Ascoli, editor of *The Reporter;* "middle-of-the-roaders"—Arthur Hays Sulzberger of the New York *Times,* Henry Hazlitt of *Newsweek,* and publishers George Brett of Macmillan and Douglas Black of Doubleday; "anti-Communists or pro-Americans" (this is Sokolsky's characterization, not mine)—Eugene Lyons of *Reader's Digest,* J. B. Matthews, then briefly on Senator McCarthy's staff, and Sokolsky himself.

I called a meeting in New York to which several of these gentlemen came, and I asked each to draft his idea of a sensible book directive, after which we would try to reach common ground and draw up the final directive together. There was complete agreement on one point at least; no blacklist. Norman Cousins and George Brett did the most work. They came down to Washington several times, giving generously of their own time to help us hammer out a policy on a matter the Administration leaders had ducked. In the end they provided the framework for a policy statement and a new directive on books in which we could finally take some pride and satisfaction. Johnson at once submitted it to Dulles for his approval. The Secretary, busy with other matters, wrote Johnson rather vaguely that he had "glanced through" it. In a follow-up letter he added, "I think it would be proper when you release the statement to say that the President was aware of the fact that you were making [it] . . . but that the President had not seen the statement and was not aware of its contents." We released it immediately (July 8) to the press, and followed up by issuing a new directive to implement it.

THE STATEMENT asserted some ringing principles: "We in America have nothing to hide . . . We want the world to know us just as we are . . . We can tell the full story . . . We have the privilege of talking about democracy as unfinished business . . . We should not make the mistake of excluding as Communist or Communistic all those books which contain any criticism of American policies or institutions . . . We must begin with the content of a book. We must examine its special usefulness in terms of our overseas needs . . . It is conceivable that the special-purpose character of our libraries may require, in special cases, the inclusion of books by Communists or Communist sympathizers, if such authors may have written something which affirmatively served the ends of democracy . . ."

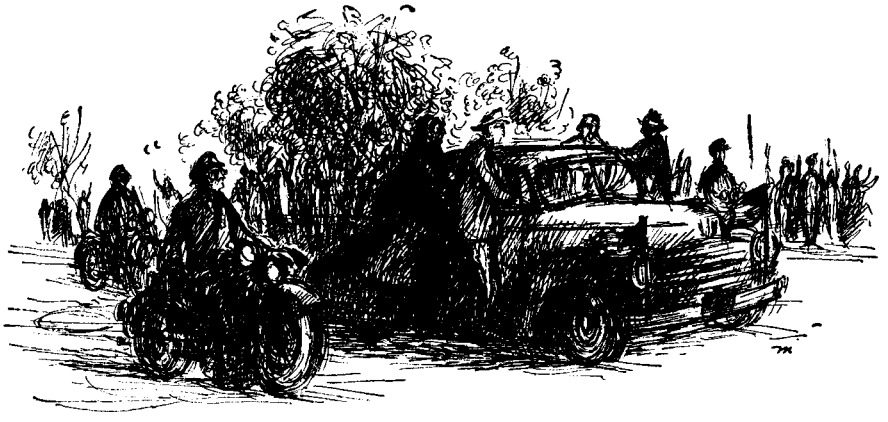
With this last provision, the fat was again in the fire. Sokolsky was unhappy, charging that the "liberal" camp had taken us over. A violent telegram arrived from McCarthy: "I cannot conceive of anyone . . . believing that an individual under Communist discipline is attempting to 'serve the ends of democracy.' . . . You understand, of course, that when the State Department purchases a book by a Communist author, it is . . . indirectly contributing American taxpayers' money to the Communist Party. Therefore, could you also give us some estimate of the amount of taxpayers' money you would like to have appropriated to purchase and maintain the works of Communists. . . . We have fixed Wednesday at 10:30 A.M. to hear you, or if your health does not permit, your representative."

This time, though, press and public opinion were on our side. Within a few days we were involved in an open fight with McCarthy—greatly to the annoyance of the White House, which again tried to keep us quiet.

Baarslag's Report

The incident that started the clash was an interview given on July 16 to the New York *World-Telegram and Sun* by Karl Baarslag, formerly an American Legion loyalty investigator and newly appointed "research director" of the McCarthy Committee. Baarslag charged that in a survey he had made of our overseas libraries he had found it "impossible to locate anything in the nature of anti-Soviet publications." This, we knew, was just not true, and we said as much in a press statement.

On the same day we wrote an open letter to Baarslag's boss, McCarthy, requesting times, places, and dates of his new expert's visits, and charging Baarslag with either incompetence or malice. McCarthy fired back at Johnson this reply: "Doctor, if you had deliberately set out to sabotage any possibility of getting adequate funds to run a good information program, you could not have done a



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better job in that sabotage than you have." Roy Cohn followed up by phoning me angrily to ask what had been going on in the past few days. What "effrontery" on our part it was, he burst out, to call the Senator's expert incompetent! We would soon learn who had the dirty linen in this affair. The only way to make amends would be for Johnson to apologize to "Joe."

By now we had endured enough bullying. Furthermore, Johnson had already tendered his resignation and we were both preparing to turn over our duties to our successors in a couple of weeks. For the first time we felt free to fight back against McCarthy and to carry our fight to the public. The *World-Telegram and Sun* joined in the fray to back up the accuracy of its reporting, and in a stinging editorial charged that McCarthy's charges that the paper had not interviewed Baarslag "were palpably false." I drafted a second letter for Johnson that detailed to McCarthy our bill of particulars against his man's misstatements, and sent it to Sherman Adams at the White House for clearance. But it was never cleared. I suddenly realized that the Administration was preparing to let us down again.

On July 20, Sherman Adams telephoned Johnson from the White House and told him that he was not to attend the Senate Appropriations Committee hearings scheduled for July 24; Joseph Dodge would substitute for him. Adams also instructed him that he was not to issue any more press releases, hold any press conferences, or otherwise make any public statements concerning McCarthy or any other aspect of the program he was administering. Next day we learned that Senator Karl Mundt had called the White House to raise a storm about our attacks on McCarthy, and that he had obtained a promise from Sherman Adams that Johnson would be muzzled. In return, Mundt had said he would take care of McCarthy and ensure that adequate funds would be granted by the Senate Appropriations Committee to continue the information program. Vice-President Nixon, I learned, confirmed on the same day, as did C. D. Jackson, that IIA would get adequate funds.

Still some doubt remained at the White House as to whether Senator Mundt would actually deliver on the matter of an appropriation. I was told that at a meeting at the White House on July 23, Budget Director Dodge, Major General Wilton ("Slick") Persons, the President's own Congressional liaison officer, and Persons's assistant, Gerald Morgan, had seriously considered scrapping our book-policy statement of July 8, which had provoked McCarthy's ire. Johnson and I were back where we came in. Had the Administration learned nothing in all these months?

The Big Show

The next day I went up to the Hill for the long-awaited hour of our hearings before the Senate Appropriations Committee. The proceedings, at which we had expected to produce witnesses who would describe the complex, world-wide information program in detail, turned out to be just another show staged by the junior Senator from Wisconsin. The chairman, Senator Bridges, had scheduled the hearings for the usual committee room. When we arrived there, however, we found that it had been moved to the far bigger Senate Caucus Room, where a full apparatus of klieg lights and television cameras had been set up. Senator Homer Ferguson, the acting chairman in Bridges's absence, when pressed by Senator Allen J. Ellender (D., Louisiana) as to why this change had been made, professed to know nothing about it. Finally, McCarthy, one of the fifteen members, admitted that he had arranged with Bridges to switch the meeting to the larger room.

Right from the beginning McCarthy virtually took over from the chairman, converting what was to be a hearing of expert witnesses into another of his familiar inquisitions, repeating his charge that we had over thirty thousand pro-Communist books on our library shelves. Not one of the Republican majority—not Chairman Ferguson, not Senator Leverett Saltonstall, not even Margaret Chase Smith—protested, and the Democratic minority kept quiet too.

Under Secretary of State Walter Bedell Smith, who at the last moment showed up in place of Joseph Dodge, went through the motions of defending the book policy as approved by Dulles and Eisenhower, but he was far from being effective. Only McCarthy of all those present had staff assistants on hand to provide him with background material: Cohn and others sat behind their chief, busily handing him documents and books from which he read for the benefit of the press and newsreels. No other Senator seemed to have studied the program or even shown an interest in it. McCarthy took up almost all of the time, so that there was practically no serious discussion at all of our cold-war undertakings around the globe in the fields of press, radio, television, pamphlets, leaflets, exhibits, films, cultural exchange, and certain forms of "indirect" propaganda (i.e., operations not specifically marked with the U.S. label).

Johnson, by White House order, was not permitted to talk about the program he had headed. Neither was I. No Senator even suggested that it might be a good thing if we, who had dealt most closely with the whole

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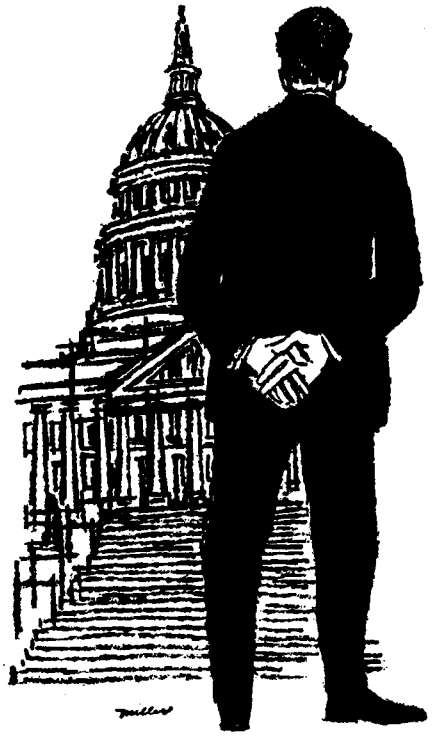
range of a major executive agency, were allowed to testify.

As I SAT there watching the show, I thought back on all the time I had worked with citizens' committees for the betterment of government. I recalled my enthusiasm for the Eisenhower candidacy and my belief that his Administration would bring a new integrity into our government.

Yet looking back on my five months in Washington, I felt ashamed. Despite my deep convictions I too had let myself be caught in the web of expediency and appeasement.

That is one reason, I suppose, why I must tell this story: *Mea culpa.* I must also tell it because I still believe that the war for good government can be won, even though I have seen a battle lost. As one who has always believed in the duties and responsibilities of businessmen, I cannot be indifferent to how the business community as a whole will be affected if this Administration, which has been called a "Businessman's Administration," is a failure.

Only the man on whom I, together with millions of other independent voters, put so much trust in 1952 can remedy the situation. Sometimes it is difficult to believe that he will do it. But it is even more difficult to despair.



Building a Stronger Voice: Repairs, Then Reconstruction

EDWARD W. BARRETT

WHILE Gordon Dean was chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, he once called that body's work "the second most important task in the world." He added: "The first, I think, is somehow or other to pierce the Iron Curtain and let the ordinary Russian know our real and peaceful intentions."

Martin Merson's firsthand report on preceding pages about the wrecking of the Voice of America in 1953 is a shocking one indeed. I know enough about various independent inquiries into the International Information Administration to recognize that his view of the injustice and damage done is well substantiated. One such independent inquiry was made last spring by Frederick Woltman, who has been investigating Reds since the days when David Schine was still hunting Easter eggs. Assigned to make a study for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, which had been notably unfriendly to the Voice of America, Woltman finally concluded that McCarthy's performance was "one of the most disgraceful scatter-brained, inept, misleading and unfair investigations in Congressional annals . . . . a mighty victory for the Kremlin."

HAPPILY, the McCarthy-Voice circus is now over. Most of Washington recognizes the costly error of having permitted the jamboree to go on unimpeded. Unhappily, the scars at home and abroad are deep and slow-healing. Abroad, countless competent correspondents and pollsters attest to the effects: increasing fear of American irresponsibility, suspicions of American intentions, and such lesser symptoms as smirking remarks about "manipulation" and "book burning" in the once-honored system of U.S. information libraries. At home, the scars take the form of still shaky morale in much of the IIA, of the kind of dull and mediocre work that results from excessive caution, and a general paucity of able new recruits.

It would be an injustice to imply that those who run the IIA today are not trying earnestly to get the program back on its feet. Starting from the point where the Johnson-Merson management decided to turn and fight back, the new administrators have performed valiantly.

Theodore Streibert, who has been administrator of the IIA for the past year, first persuaded the President to speak up publicly in support of the program and its personnel. He established a loyalty-security program which, while still containing injustices, looked like the epitome of firm-but-fair procedure when compared with the methods formerly imposed on the agency. In charge is a former FBI man who is considered both mature and responsible.

Next the new managers showed spunk. They declined Senator McCarthy's request that his extraordinary book about George Marshall be displayed in U.S. libraries around the world, explaining simply that it was "unsuitable for the purposes for which the libraries had been established." They even dismissed a handful of staff misfits who had sought to ensure permanent tenure for themselves by leaking dubious data to McCarthy's junior G-men.

They have also incurred the displeasure of a few old hands in Congress by going direct to the public prints with reports on the IIA's progress and accomplishments. Sometimes these reports have seemed flamboyant. Sometimes they have been criticized for "telegraphing the punches." On occasion they have been surprising. A choice example in this last category was a minor executive's announcement of the hope of turning citizens of other lands into "card-carrying Christians" — a tidy phrase for home consumption but scarcely calculated to win friends among the world's millions of non-

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Christians. Nonetheless, it is a healthy sign that the administrators are at least seeking to give the American taxpayer information of some sort about his country's information program.

Other developments have proved unhappy. Inexperience among key men has led to some overhasty decisions followed by equally overhasty modifications. As Washington has changed its views, Voice of America operators and information officers abroad have had a difficult time playing up and then playing down such policy concepts as "liberation," "massive retaliation," and "agonizing reappraisal." More recently they have had a miserable time trying to find ways to deal affirmatively with Indo-China, EDC, and "trade, not aid."

Trained and valued workers of the type who flocked from the agency in disgust a year ago are still departing in somewhat smaller numbers. Because able men do not scramble to join a whipping-boy organization, many of the replacements have not been notable for their ability and experience.

Political Pressures

The IIA's new management unfortunately seems to have compounded the problem by excessive yielding to political pressures. Some twenty key professional jobs today can be filled only by men cleared with Republican Party headquarters, and the pressures occasionally extend to much lower positions. This sort of thing is never unexpected under a new Administration. But it does raise serious questions in the minds of those who once knew the information program as one that was set up under bipartisan legislation, that contained some Republicans and many independents in key spots under the last Administration, and that was never asked to clear its appointments with party headquarters. More important, political job filling has become a severe liability in this specialized field because few qualified Republicans of the requisite ability have either volunteered or permitted themselves to be drafted for service.

Here is a typical result: One of the ablest Voice executives recruited by the new Administration was eased

out when someone found that his past voting record was not fully "acceptable." In his place has come a likable substitute who is credited with political acceptability but whom no one accuses of having the required knowledge of the international subjects with which he must deal each day.

THE MANAGEMENT continues to be plagued with variable annual budgets that go up and down like a yo-yo. One year the Congressional appropriators are momentarily frightened by the Soviets and vote fully adequate appropriations. There follows a "crash program" of recruiting and training. The following year the appropriators vote a drastic slash. The administrators then rush to fire much of the newly trained personnel. The third year the yo-yo goes up again and the cycle starts anew.

Behind all this is the fact that there is no special Congressional mechanism charged with legislative responsibility for what President Eisenhower has called "vitally important" work. No definite group in Congress has the task of helping ensure a rational, stable, long-term program. Decisions are left almost exclusively to Appropriations Committee members, who are conscientious in dealing with highways and buildings but too often fickle in dealing with such intangibles as efforts to influence the minds of men. The happenstance of seniority has aggravated the problem by putting in key House Appropriations spots two elderly gentlemen who have never believed in information work.

What Needs to Be Done

Any effective international information program, of course, assumes that there will be consistent, constructive foreign policies—and that's a large order. But beyond this basic fact, a program can be made effective or ineffective by the organization that exists to carry it out.

The IIA has come back a long way from the shocking shambles of 1953. It has a much longer way to go. Whether it succeeds depends largely on whether the Executive and Legislative Branches make a genuine effort to solve certain organizational problems that have perennially plagued the government's international information program. These are lack of consistent White House support, budgetary instability with its consequent waves of firing and hiring, and lack of real understanding and knowledge of the program on Capitol Hill.

Many individuals and groups who have studied the problem have reached remarkably similar conclusions for improving the IIA. Some of these are:

¶ Consistent Presidential support of the program, buttressed by a permanent (not temporary) White House assistant charged with keeping the President in touch with the program.

¶ Inclusion of the chief of the agency as a member of the National

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Security Council. This should permit the IIA to function as an integrated part of the nation's total international program, not just as a publicity mill.

¶ A concerted effort by the President to establish a permanent base of expenditures, in order to give the IIA stability, the ability to lay long-term plans, and the possibility of recruiting and training personnel systematically. A logical level of expenditures would be roughly $100 million a year—a small fraction of Soviet expenditures. The most vital point, however, is to ensure stability. Personnel in this intricate field cannot be trained overnight. And when an international radio broadcast is temporarily suspended, years may be required to start over and rebuild an audience.

¶ Establishment of a permanent Joint Committee on International Information in Congress—a committee comparable to the successful Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. Such a committee, well staffed with its own investigators, would be charged with acquainting itself fully with the complexities of international information, exercising Congress's responsibilities in the field, and making its findings known to the Appropriations Committees. Indeed, selected members of the Appropriations and foreign-relations committees of both houses should sit on the Joint Committee.

By substituting one orderly, continuing investigation for the present in-and-out inquiries conducted by any of a half dozen committees in Congress, order could be brought out of the legislative chaos that now surrounds the information program. There would then be reasonable hope of overcoming the present handicap of trying to run a highly complex program in a way to satisfy those who do not understand its intricacies.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has said that the international information program calls for a "great national effort." The effort can be genuinely productive only when the work receives the thoughtful, constructive, and continuing attention and support of appropriate officials in the Executive Branch and in Congress as well.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Almighty Independence Of Tito's Yugoslavia

GEORGE WELLER

BELGRADE

NEARLY EVERYBODY likes Tito on sight. He is amiable, charming, and forthright. He does not bluster, nor does he moan about Yugoslavia's troubles. Being a Communist, he always keeps his price high. With Americans, who often do not know what return they want, if any, Tito bargains easily and expertly.

But Tito is independent. Five years after being expelled from the Cominform, he is still too independent to join a western alliance.

When Tito's American friends pleaded successfully that he should be helped, they measured his strength at thirty to forty divisions. But when Korea caught fire, not one Yugoslav division—or company or squad—could be found to join the United Nations in battle. "We believe more in local alliances, like our pact with Turkey and Greece," the Yugoslavs now say blandly. But Turkey and Greece did not find Korea too far away to fight.

TITO is so almighty independent that it is difficult to keep from being carried away with him, as U.S. policy often has been. Tito offers other neutrals a high standard of taking, not giving, of being on hand only when things are easy.

Why, then, do we remain so attached to Tito's fortunes?

Among the many victims of Tito's independence who still admire him for it is a young American diplomat who was on the Belgrade end of anti-American riots over the Trieste affair. Pointing to the stone-nicked walls and newly puttied windows of his office, he told a visitor recently: "The Yugos went wild on Trieste and they may go wild again. We have spoiled the Titoists by never asking them to do anything. But that's not their fault; it's ours. Unless we get Trieste decently off our hands, our unpopularity in both Yugoslavia and Italy is going to be worth a billion to Russia. But—" and here his voice fell guiltily low, as if he did not expect to be understood—"I still say the Yugos are a good investment for our help. They are a proud people."

Crazy, Mixed-up Kid

By resuming regular relations with the U.S.S.R. and its satellites, Tito has already taken Yugoslavia closer to Malenkov's forgiving arms. But in Europe nobody blames Tito for this step of "distension." In Belgrade the prevailing attitude among emissaries of the western Allies is that Yugoslavia is a crazy, mixed-up kid.

In attempting to award Italy the Free Territory of Trieste's Zone A (both the big Italian port and its halo of Slovene villages), the western Allies certainly did not mean to wound Tito's independence, much less bounce him back toward Moscow. Eden, visiting Tito, had taken away an impression that Tito would be satisfied with Zone B and was ready to allow Italy to take Zone A. Then Italy and Yugoslavia could straighten out the small adjacent minorities by themselves, after we and the British got off the $16-million-a-year hook of holding Trieste.

The break-up of last winter's deal was mainly due to technical mixups in handling Tito. Thanks to leaks in Rome, the public knew that a western decision to divide the Free Territory was imminent. But when Tito asked "What about these rumors?," the State Department denied them. So Tito was hit twice by surprise.

The western powers, in fact, ex-

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pected a loud Italian lament for the Italians of Zone B handed to Tito, but only muted reproaches from Tito for his lost Slovenes of Zone A. However, Tito, seeing that Italy's troops were massed before Trieste while his soldiers were not, reasoned that Italy had put the heat on the Americans and British, forcing them to hand over Trieste.

WHERE WILL Tito's independence take him from here—eastward or westward? And how many more millions is he going to cost us beyond the many already sunk in his expensive laboratory of messianic Marxism?

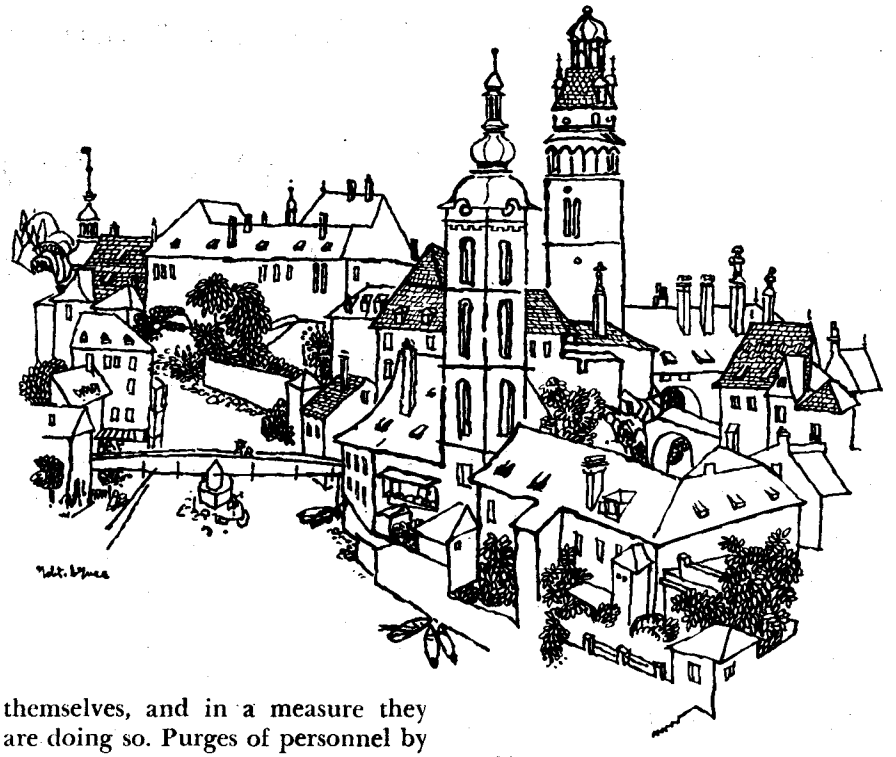
Judging by the Yugoslavs' ready response to American aid, both official and private, their independence does not prevent them from showing their gratitude to a capitalist benefactor. To thank us is no longer a political offense. A few years ago a group of grizzled, hearty fishermen of Split, all returned Yugo-Americans, ambled down to the port to greet thankfully an American relief ship, part of the $300-million American share in UNRRA's $416-million aid. They were all arrested. "You can salute a Soviet ship but no other," they were told in no uncertain terms.

Those one-sided days are gone, perhaps forever. The only real soreheads about American aid nowadays are the opponents of Tito, both the old rightists of the prewar school and the "leftists" or western liberals who would like him to be more generous with civil liberties and more realistic in economics. Their constant whisper is: "Why don't you ask Tito for something in return—if not for yourselves, then something for us?"

Growing Up?

The things that the United States might have asked Yugoslavia to do about its internal affairs were never very many, and they are getting fewer all the time. About half its productive apparatus, farm, factory and mine, was destroyed in the war. A fifth of its people were homeless. These things had to be fixed first if humanity was to take precedence over politics.

The gamble was that the Yugoslavs would come to their senses by themselves, and in a measure they are doing so. Purges of personnel by force, which the Titoists like the Soviets delicately call "administrative" changes, are becoming fewer. Edvard Kardelj, the Slovene schoolteacher who often test-flies new policy for Tito, said flatly recently that "the socialist portion absolutely dominates our economy." But he cautiously added: "If our present forms of 'administrative' management were kept in use, they would involve us in ever more serious economic results." Translated from Marx, this means that you cannot run a factory with a commissar.



Behind the scene the same Communists govern everything, but with the party's name blanketed and subdued. If Stalin had won his way with Yugoslavia, the Communist Party would be out in front, leading the parade. Letting the Communist Party drive from the back seat, burying it in the masses of the nation-wide Socialist Alliance, was a mistake, the Russians insist. But the Yugoslavs have gone right ahead along a road that may some day lead to parliamentary democracy.

The red flag with hammer and sickle is rarely seen outside even party headquarters nowadays. A Communist who is in the party only for the ride told me "The party today has lost so much standing that it is only an educational organization."

Civil liberties unheard of in other Communist states are appearing. It is less easy to be arrested in the Soviet manner, with the midnight rap on the door, and more possible to get a fair trial. The jails are emptying. Passports are easier to obtain. The police still grill anyone who wants to leave, but today a Yugoslav can get a passport locally, instead of waiting for the slow mills of the cumbersome bureaucracy in Belgrade to turn.

The western powers are disappointed that "the example of Tito," which was supposed to start a Balkan revolt against the Soviets, has done nothing of the kind. Isolated Albania was supposed to be the first to fall. Tito gives a warm welcome to all Albanians who escape, but is careful not to offend the Communist government itself. In Yugoslavia he has set up a shop model of Albanian autonomy in the substate of Kossovo. His watchword is "independence for the Albanians, too." This time Tito means independence from Italy and Greece, Albania's other two would-be liberators. Whether he also means independence from Yugoslavia remains to be seen.

The Communist Party is going down, but Tito is going up. Though still a dictator in fact—which he denies—he is gradually shedding his

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powers. This voluntary relinquishment, though slow, has the effect of changing him into a trusted leader. He rises through his renunciations. He is becoming a party in himself. The people are bored and repelled by the Communist Party, at least half of whose members are purely careerists. But Tito has become their national property. When a pick-and-shovel miner or a ship's stoker sees only a blank life ahead of him without vacation or pension, what does he think of a ruddy, smiling national boss who bestows on him and his family a vacation with pay every year, cuts the hotel bills in half wherever he chooses to go, and retires him at the age of fifty-five on full pay?

Paying a whole nation 100 per cent pensions after age fifty-five is of course an act of prodigal lunacy in a muddled economy. The Yugoslavs will find this out after the tide of American aid drops and leaves them to face bookkeeping realities. Meantime, however, an atmosphere of hope and vigor has been created for the favored classes, who are in the majority among the bench and desk workers.

A BUREAUCRAT works from 7 A.M. to 2 P.M., and has the rest of the day to spend black-marketing his talents to eke out his low pay. But he enjoys more latitude to operate as a free agent than appears on the surface. Carpenters, plumbers, and electricians are especially successful at making money outside the official business structure. A tailor I know makes twice as much as a college professor.

'Mister' vs. 'Comrade'

The universities, enormously expanded, are overcrowded partly because of a tendency to escape bureaucratic servitude by hiding in a Marxist cloister. The scholastic standard has been held low by the "everybody-come" plan of the dialectical popularizer Moshe Piyade. The curriculum is rigidly nationalistic, foreign professors are practically excluded, and there are plenty of bald-headed perpetual students ducking military service. And yet the door to an educated future, once open only to the well-to-do bourgeoisie is now open to all. Many Yugoslav cities have good book shops, and the idea that will put an ambitious boy out ahead of the crowd is not beyond his reach.

The civil service is generally poor in quality because its top levels are infested with old-school-tie Partisans. But some talent still breaks through. There is a stimulating sense of work waiting to be done. The ambitious college graduate does not have to emigrate overseas to find great tasks awaiting him. His pay as engineer or economist is only twice what he would get as a common laborer. But at least he need never suffer that sense of being on the outside looking in which created Tito and his elite.

Examples of prejudice, some of them downright funny, can be found all over this workshop of Tito's. To salute a man with "Gospod," meaning "Mister," instead of "Drug" for "Comrade" is a growing tendency. It gets slapped down by the party's shepherds.

IN THE MYTHOLOGY of the Communists Tito's popularity is based on his struggle with his Partisans against the Nazis and Fascists. State museums and a steady flow of well-tempered eulogy keep alive this tradition. But the things Tito has done after the war have won him more

trust than any others. The Yugoslavs admire him most for resisting Stalin and Russia's economic blockade, resisting Italy on Trieste and Italy's blockade of "strategic" shipments, and liberating the harassed farmers from the collectives.

Breakup of the *Zadruga*

A good place to measure Tito's chance of taking Yugoslavia back to Moscow is Macedonia, the home of most of the *zadruga* or collective farms. Here is an entire system of agriculture, borrowed straight from Moscow, that is being allowed to break up. Tito, in fact, is setting the pace for the general Communist walkout from the tangled mess of the *agrogorod* or industrial farm.

In the chilly brown mud of Lidich, a village outside Macedonia's capital Skopje, the farmers sat in the office of their abandoned collective and told their story. The farmers of Lidich were neither loud nor rebellious; they were warmly dressed and wore solid rubber boots, but they were fed up with being experimented on. Two vestiges of socialism gone sour told more than words: a broken board in the middle of the floor, and on the desk a rusty metallic plate of thanks from the ground staff of a nearby airfield whom the farmers had fed while hoarding their crops for themselves.

"We have—or had—one of the oldest and largest collectives in Macedonia," said the secretary, a quiet-mannered Communist who looked like an American county agent. "We started with six families and worked up to around two hundred families. At first we imitated the Soviet models but we found their method was unworkable. By that time, we didn't dare to leave."

In theory the Macedonian farmers, who average only about six acres per family—well under the official ceiling of 24.8 acres—were free to join a collective farm or stay outside. Many of them were among the 316,415 families who have received land from the division of big estates. The stick used by the local Communist town boards to force them to join was high taxes. The carrot to pull them in was the reassuring escape clause in their contracts with the collectives. Besides assuring them that their land remained their own, the escape clause said: "Any farmer wishing to resign from the associa-

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tion can do so at any time and take his land with him."

When the disgusted farmer tried to escape from the collective, however, there was another article to keep him hooked. This article said that any of his land deemed "necessary" to the collective would have to be abandoned if he resigned. Each farmer, knowing that the Communist land board would declare his land essential, hoarded what crops he could and waited for the general break-up which eventually came.

Before the failure of the collectives, however, the government tried to loosen the screws in the hope of striking a way of operation. "They let us have a free market to sell in," admitted the secretary. "We had machinery and tractors, though never enough. We even managed to pay back a third of our debt to the government.

"Our real trouble was in carrying lazy hands on the brigades. We punished them, sure, and fined them just like the Soviets. But what good did that do? Fines don't get the potatoes dug. The bums were still on our hands, still eating. The real farmers lost their enthusiasm trying to carry those tramps."

What broke the hearts of Lidich's farmers was seeing their tomatoes rot. "We'd sweated our way through all that mess of interlocking payrolls, five different wages for each hand, disputes, and fines. Finally we had our tomatoes, fine, juicy—thousands of them. And then they rotted on the ground. They rotted because our collective had too many tomatoes all at once and no way to get them to the city market in time."

The commercial failure and social agonies of the Soviet-type collectives freed the Yugoslav farmer forever from the myth of Russian infallibility. He learned painfully that he knew more about wheat and potatoes and farmers than the Communist Party itself, more even than the shipyard worker Tito.

Two-Way Show of Teeth

At Rijeka, the former Italian Fiume, Yugoslavia's biggest port, I heard a young warehouse worker, a Communist member of the nation-wide Socialist Alliance, talking to an election crowd. He walked into the East-West question with an authentic Titoist swagger of self-confidence.

"Listen," he told the hall full of serious, intelligent-looking, well-dressed people, "don't worry about Trieste. We are disappointed in the great powers. But in opposing and resisting the West's decision on Trieste, we are stronger than we were against Stalin in 1948."

Having brushed off the western Europeans and Americans, he took a fresh stance and began hitting Russia. "Their courtship of us today about Trieste is a dirty business. Before they pretended to help us, the Soviets were already promoting Italy's Communists into pushing imperialism eastward at our cost. Be careful. Don't be misled. The Soviets cannot really help us. Let's stay united, and show our teeth to both East and West if we must."

The similarity between Russian and Yugoslav steps to mend Marxism does not seem to bother Tito. While his theorists do handsprings to prove how different Yugoslavia is from the U.S.S.R., Tito remains poised and firm. "We are simply trying to find the most exact, humane, and workable method of developing Marxism in practice."

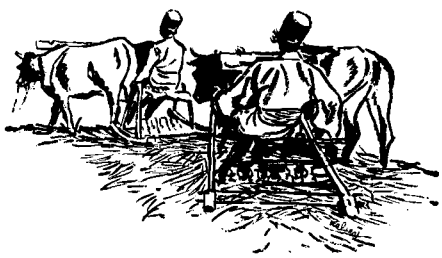
Tito's cornered opponents seem to feel that Communism in Yugoslavia is dead but won't lie down because so many reputations are at stake. In a Dalmatian city a bishop, self-exiled in his damp, chilly palace by fear of attack by party thugs, gave an oddly rosy picture of Tito's future. "You westerners can stop worrying about Yugoslavia and the return of Russia," he said, sitting in a misty room in a threadbare overcoat. "Better worry about Italy and France, where the workers still haven't found out what Communism is like. But don't worry about Communism here, or where the Soviet Army is holding up the régime, as in Hungary and Romania. We Balkans have not talked Communism; we've lived it. We are cured, inoculated, enlightened."

A party propagandist put the same thing differently: "The only Moscow Communists left inside the party are a few careerists who hope for a tide of Soviet bayonets to overthrow Tito and put them on top."

THE ARMY is the real question mark in any switch by Tito back to Moscow. The Army is the seat of power in Yugoslavia. The Titoists call it "our most concentrated collective." They feel that it differs from the Red Army in that it is not a "caste system." Some four thousand officers were trained in Moscow. They are the second level of command, the colonels and majors who in the next ten years must inherit the top posts. The "Spaniards," the topmost elite who first fought in the Spanish Civil War, then steered the Partisan surfboard on the wave of history, are beginning to fade out. Tito can count on the Moscow graduates to fight against Italy. But can he count on them to resist Russia?

The public reads case histories of how the Soviets, under Stalin, offered Yugoslav girls money to report on their army. Like any other story of subversion, these tales leave an unanswered question: How many succumbed and are still in Soviet service?

Another test of Soviet-Yugoslav military relations is coming up. A book on the alleged atrocities of the Soviet Army in Yugoslavia is already



on the presses, but there is some doubt as to whether Tito will allow it to appear.

Benefactor or Sucker?

The nearest the Americans come to having a control on what Tito does with our weapons is in the line of

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supply. A gun requires shells; a tank needs parts; trucks must have gears; and jet fighters are sensitive about their electric responses.

The Americans have been openhanded in supplying arms. Considering that we were fighting a war in Korea, where Tito was the most prominent absentee, we have been very generous. "Our aim," said a leading U.S. officer explaining this openhandedness, "is to be as unlike the Russians as possible."

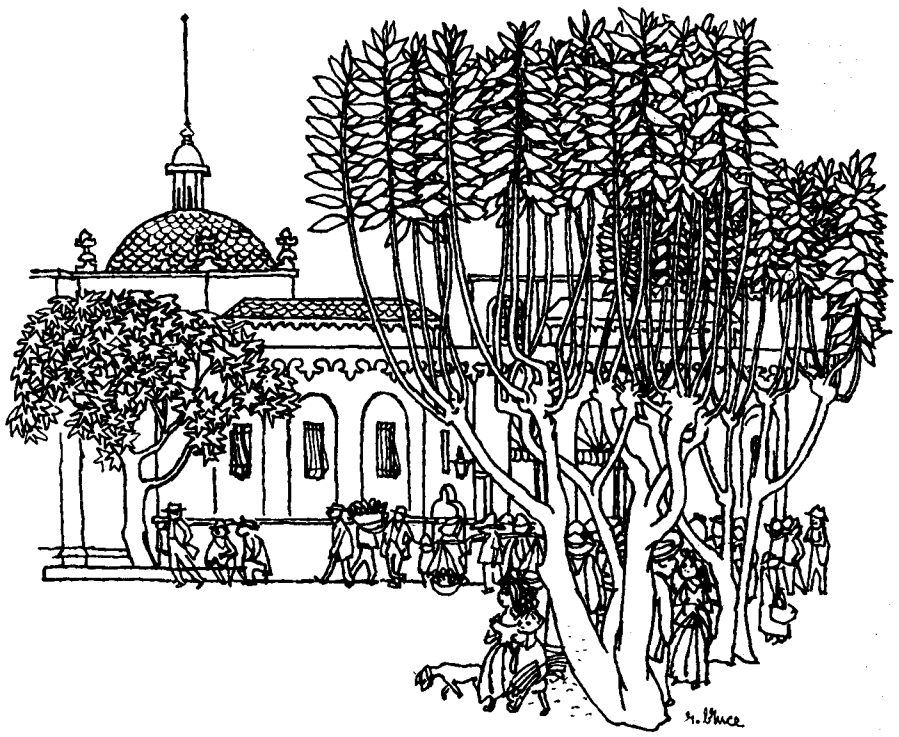
The American guns have vanished to storehouses, many of them closed to the givers. The Americans have certainly behaved differently from the Russians, but the impact on the Yugoslavs is still in some doubt. The line between a benefactor and a sucker is thin. The Yugoslavs opened their maneuvers to the western military and press, and both were jubilant over the army's showing. The actual Yugoslav plans for meeting Soviet invasion appear to be as secret as the most vital arms caches. Considering that the Americans are linked in formal alliance with Tito's antagonist, Italy, these precautions against the Americans are not unreasonable by Balkan standards. At the height of the Tito-Stalin honeymoon, operatives of his secret police shook the Soviets in Yugoslavia by shadowing them. Even a friendly foreigner in Yugoslavia never feels that the police lose interest in what he is doing.

Tito's temptation to work closely with the Soviets is likely to grow stronger. To remain cut off from Moscow would constrict Tito's drawing account on the West. Now Yugoslavia's leader has raised his asking price again.

Rapprochement with Russia?

As time passes, it becomes easier for the new Malenkov crowd to forget that the Kremlin once tagged Tito's club a "disgraceful, purely Turkish terrorist régime." Malenkov seems to be aware that Stalin muddled things in handling Tito. A practical trader, he does not believe in inheriting feuds. Tito's friends sell him to the West as the Moses who will lead the Soviet satellites out of the desert. But in this respect he has done nothing yet.

Yugoslavia is a natural military corridor for Russia in only two campaigns: Greece or Italy. Neither campaign looks promising today. Both involve squeezing the Red Army through a narrow mountain gap in order to reach portions of Mediterranean coast exposed to Allied naval and air retaliation. The Soviets are far more likely to ignore Tito and go for the Ruhr, or around Turkey toward the Middle East oilfields.



Tito's smoldering dispute with Italy makes it reasonable for him to reach some working arrangement with Russia. The excesses of the Red Army on Yugoslav soil lasted a few months. But the bitter feud of Partisans vs. Fascists in Slovenia and on the Dalamatian coast lasted for many years.

A single strong, friendly act by Malenkov, openly and directly favorable to Yugoslavia, could still set up currents difficult for Tito to ignore. Tito so far has escaped the bear's hug over Trieste only by some tricky wiggling. The Soviets demand an internationally run Trieste, in line with the peace treaty. Tito, too, has proposed internationalization among his four solutions offered to Italy. It requires magnificent dexterity on Tito's part not to say frankly: "The Moscow idea and mine are practically the same." But Tito is a proud man. Malenkov will have to speak first, and say enough kind words to wipe out the sting of Stalin's insults.

To win Tito back, however, Moscow must forget the axiom that underlies its whole satellite policy: unity of the eastern market and subordination of the satellite economies. Yugoslavia has struggled against Stalin's boycotts and won. It cannot throw away its western markets and go back into the closed eastern economy. It would suffocate.

At times the Yugoslavs talk almost like Nehru. Edvard Kardelj said recently, "We welcome all initiatives from the West aimed at offering practical guarantees of security to the Soviet government, but only under the condition that the Soviet government in exchange gives real guarantees also to large and small peoples. Such a policy would strengthen the peaceable tendencies and groups in the Soviet bloc itself."

YUGOSLAVIA's hang-back attitude about doing anything for the West is disappointing. But the independence Tito talks about is a real thing to the Yugoslavs—independence of the Russians as well as of the United States. When Tito came out not long ago for peaceful coexistence, he probably did so in the belief that the better East and West manage to coexist, the more secure is his own country's independence.

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When People Can Only Remember

JOHN I. B. McCULLOCH

LISBON

"ATENCAO PORTUGUESES! ATENCAO PORTUGUESES!"

The voice of the young man in the sound truck drones on and on, and whenever he pauses for breath, someone strikes up "A Portuguesa," and the words of this strangely haunting song fill the sticky night. The crowd, small at first as it forms in the Praça dos Restauradores, has grown now until it packs the Rua Aurea from wall to wall. There are fresh recruits, and fresh banners, as the line of marchers turns into the Rua do Comércio, and disgorges finally in the Praça do Município, where there will be speeches from the balconies.

For word has come that Indian "volunteers" have raided a Portuguese settlement in one of the distant —and minute—Portuguese colonies of India. All through the day, sound trucks have toured the city; posters and placards have been hastily scrawled; theaters have canceled performances; and walls have been plastered with newspaper clippings showing in detail the location of the area attacked.

Goa, Damão, Dadra, Nagar-Haveli—the names, by and large, mean little to the outsider, and perhaps rightly so. At best a footnote to history, a minor episode in a long-drawn-out tale. And yet colonial memories are astir tonight, and for Lisbon's million people—half of whom, it would seem, have flocked to the square—the matter is suddenly one of terrible urgency.

Imperial Portugal

Sitting in the bar of the Aviz Hotel at noon that day, I had reflected idly on the rise and fall of empires. This line of thought, never far distant in monument-studded Lisbon, is inescapable at the Aviz. For one whole wall of this elegant high-ceilinged bar, bathed in a perpetual twilight, is covered with the names and exploits of men who explored or conquered half the world for Portugal.

"1500—Cabral discovers Brazil"; "1502—da Gama colonizes Mozambique"; "1508—Albuquerque conquers Goa"; "1521—Andrade occupies Peking"; "1542—Mendes Pinto discovers Japan"; "1557—Portuguese occupy Macao."

These names and many more are written large on the wall of the Aviz, a perpetual reminder to Portuguese of the glory that was theirs. How then, I thought, does an empire die? It does not die a hero's death by one clean cut of the sword. It sickens and dies very slowly over the centuries and, even when it is dead, it lingers on in the titles borne by kings and in a people's pride when the kings also are gone.

THE NIGHT has grown hotter, or perhaps it is just that the crowd in the square is now packed in so solidly. But for the time being, at least, a heroic mood has risen above the heat and the humidity. The ordinary faces in the throng have taken on a look of dedication. The

mantle of Magellan, of Vasco da Gama, of Prince Henry the Navigator, has descended temporarily on butcher, baker, and candlestick maker. From the balcony there are impassioned speeches, and the slogans—"Viva Portugal!" "Viva Salazar!" "Down with Nehru!"—are echoed in the square below. When there is a break in the eloquence, it is the turn of the national anthem again. By now the square is bright with posters held aloft: GOA IS PART OF PORTUGAL; GOA IS FLESH OF OUR FLESH. Delegations have arrived from neighboring towns and villages, bringing their own banners with them: SINTRA ACCEPTS NO DEBATE ON PORTUGUESE INDIA; MAFRA TRUSTS IN THE UNITY OF IMPERIAL PORTUGAL. A sailor in the crowd, with perhaps one glass too many of *vinho verde* under his belt, interrupts one of the speeches.

"What are we waiting for?" he shouts. "Let's go out to India, all of us! We'll . . . show them!" There are approving murmurs. A man I know, a Portuguese in his fifties, inches his way to me through the perspiring crowd. "I too am with the younger ones in heart," he tells me. "We should do something, I suppose. It is the older ones who hold back. Well, perhaps—after all, if the English and French have done nothing . . ." His voice trails off on a note of tired futility.

Back to Domesticity

By now the heat is insufferable in the square, and the crowd is restless. There are still speeches, there is still singing, but on the fringes people are pushing their way through the throng and into the adjoining streets, homeward bound. It is no longer the hour for greatness. Vasco da Gama has an eye on his watch; Magellan mops his brow and clutches above his head a sleeping child who will never sail for Prince Henry.

SUDDENLY the speeches grind to a halt, and it is all over. The crowd, orderly for the most part, and much quieter now, trudges slowly out of the Praça do Município, some back through the lower town with its banks, business houses, and cafés, some up the steep lanes that lead to the Bairro Alto, the upper city—but all, eventually, back to home and hearth, and the thousand and one mundane preoccupations of twentieth-century Lisbon.

After all, where else is there to go?

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Pivotal Campaign in Illinois: Joe Meek vs. Paul Douglas

THEODORE H. WHITE

CHICAGO

HERE in Illinois, the November elections are of more than routine interest. As elsewhere, they are regarded as a test of how effectively the personal popularity of Dwight D. Eisenhower can be packaged and distributed, like political vitamins, to sustain the frail Republican majority in Washington. What makes the local campaign so interesting is its quality of hyperbole. Here the President's popularity must erase a Senator of national and international prominence and replace him with an unknown but affable man whose sole previous experience has been earned as a lobbyist for the Illinois storekeepers at the state capital. In the words of a Chicago Democratic chieftain, "Now it's their turn; we'll see how good their guy is. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the greatest precinct captain we ever had. He elected everybody—governors, Senators, mayors, sheriffs, aldermen. We kept resurrecting him for three years after he died. Now they're running Eisenhower. If Ike can elect Meek over Douglas, he can elect anybody."

A kindred concern about the candidate on whom the President's prestige is staked is expressed, in more measured and melancholy terms, by many Illinois Republicans. They are convinced, as are the Democrats, that these days, by and large, the voters like "big men." Joe Meek won a wide-open Republican primary fight with 300,000 votes (Douglas was netting 600,000 unopposed in the Democratic primary the same day) aided by the Chicago *Tribune*, the Illinois Federation of Retail Associations lobby, and his own inexhaustible capacity for smiling, backslapping, and making friends exercised day after day, seven days a week, for thirteen long previous months. In so doing he succeeded—so the politicians say—in alienating a good part of the Swedish vote, some part of the American Legion vote, some of the Jewish vote, and, above all, some of the Eisenhower vote.

Since then, the party has rallied behind him; the state patronage machine under the guidance of the efficient and ambitious young governor, William Stratton, has moved to his rescue; and the Cook County Republican machine has rushed in an emergency team of slick public-relations reinforcements. Nevertheless, there is a considerable lack of enthusiasm in the Republican ranks. This lack of enthusiasm was best described to this correspondent by a former Chicago newspaperman who said, "The Republicans desperately need that seat. When the chips are down, Meek will have everything he needs. But what they really want is an anonymous Senator from Illinois—and they aren't quite sure that Joe Meek is anonymous enough."

Plain Joe Meek

It is not that anyone dislikes Joe Meek. It is extremely difficult for anyone who has known him for five minutes to nourish anything but affection for him. A round, sturdy, rumple-tousled fellow, squat of stature, open of countenance, his eyes smiling warmly behind horn-rimmed glasses, Joe Meek runs as a genuine country boy, oozing affability. When Meek says "Gosh, fellows," or talks about his "daddy" and "daddy-in-law" and their adventures running country stores, or when he excoriates the "buriocracy" (so pronounced) in Washington, he is not faking. When he gets off one of his major pronouncements (e.g., "What's good for the merchant is good for the customer," or "This business of making a living is something we hadn't ought to kick around with politics," or "The right to succeed is fine but the right to fail is even more necessary"), sophisticated Republicans wince. But Joe Meek is sincere. And it is this sincerity which disturbs Republican leadership—both national and local. For Joe Meek is running not simply against Paul Douglas but against government itself. Since the government in Washington is now a Republican one, it is never quite clear whether Joe Meek is running against the Democrats or

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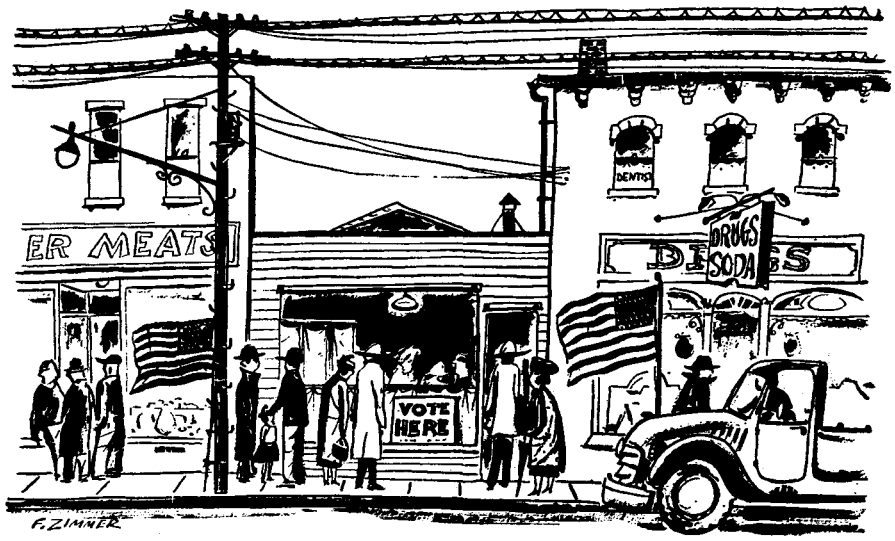

against everyone who has gone East and taken up residence along the Potomac.

Convictions as deep as those Joe holds are not born overnight, and Joe, who grew up reading the Chicago *Tribune,* has been nursing his for some decades now. As long-time lobbyist (twenty years) for the Federation of Retail Associations of Illinois, Joe has fought the good fight for his beliefs—against labor unions, against old-age pensions, against taxes, against social security—by every means at his disposal. He is on crusade.

Joe's present bitterness against the American government was probably crystallized during the war. As some veterans remember the Nazis and the Japanese to this day with hatred born of bitter personal experience, Joe remembers the enemy he personally fought during those months—the "buriocracy of Washington." For him the OPA and OPS are still a "diabolical" lot. He "knows," he says, that Paul Douglas secretly wants to re-establish price controls and price regulations. He likes Paul Douglas ("a very fine gentleman though he is a Fabian socialist"), but in Meek's eyes Paul Douglas would set us on the road to Communist enslavement.

Meek's definition of Communism is, naturally, quite broad. On one occasion, which he now regrets, he actually published a list of measures which, he said, were all part of Earl Browder's program to subvert the American people: "Government deficit financing, manipulation of bank reserve requirements, insurance of bank deposits, guarantees of mortgages, control of bank credits, tinkering with the currency system, regulation of instalment buying, price controls, price support for farm products, agricultural credits, RFC loans for business corporations, social security systems for workers, various benefits for veterans, government housing, public works projects to provide employment, many projects for conservation of national resources, juggling of the tax structure, new tariff regulations, government organized foreign loans, the employment act, the President's Economic Committee, stimulated war armaments production on a large scale."

This list was so inclusive that even the Chicago *Daily News,* key newspaper in swinging the vital suburban vote and yearning to support a Republican candidate, had to slap Joe down editorially and ask him whom he was trying to kid.

'The Way I Feel Now'

Since then Meek's campaign has been pulled together by shrewder manipulators. His new and able public-relations team has performed a face-lifting job, and Joe Meek is being billed as a straight Eisenhower man.

This too is difficult, for no matter how much Meek tries to play with the team, the purity of his *Tribune* faith still shines through. Joe Meek insists the President is doing a good job. But he just can't go along with the President on "giveaways" ("Why should we go in the red to keep foreign countries in the black?"), on the Bricker amendment ("I wouldn't send a guy out of the hemisphere to shoot a gun without an Act of Congress"), or the President's medical-aid proposals. These differences with the President Joe Meek modifies slightly by saying, "That's the way I feel now. These fellows in Washington may know more about it than I do. Circumstances change. I may change my mind when I get to Washington. But that's the way I feel now."

No area of disagreement with the President pains Joe Meek more to discuss, however, than his position on Joe McCarthy. Joe Meek likes the Senator from Wisconsin; he is convinced that "the people of Illinois, by and large, are for Joe McCarthy"; the farthest he will go in criticism of the Senator is to say, "I think his objectives are fine but sometimes his methods are anathema." Meek wants McCarthy on the shelf—at the moment—and refuses to take any public stand. "I get fifty letters a week," he complains, "saying that if I come out for Joe McCarthy they'll vote for Douglas, and fifty letters a week saying if I come out against him they'll cut me. I can't see why I should *have* to have a position on McCarthy. The President is President of the United States, and he's the Senator from Wisconsin, and why should that be an issue in the Illinois campaign? If I love him and you hate him and we're both members of the same party, why should we fight about him?"

The Embattled Douglas

These handicaps are only the lesser part of the disadvantages from which Joe Meek suffers. His chief handicap is that he is, relatively, an unknown, running against a widely known figure. Paul Douglas is a Senator celebrated in national magazines and nation-wide radio and TV programs, who runs, as his campaign managers happily advertise him, as "America's No. 1 Senator."

Nonetheless, Paul Douglas is almost as unlikely a candidate to find in a political contest as Joe Meek, except for the fact that the voters of Illinois have by now become used to the intellectual decorations that the shrewd leaders of the state's Democratic machine offer.

Tall, white-haired, angular, austere, Paul Douglas is the antithesis physically and emotionally of Joe

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Meek. Seen at a distance, in a mass meeting, Douglas is almost pedantic, the mechanical flailing up and down of his good left arm wearying, his speeches loaded and overloaded with statistic, fact, and scholarly phrase. It is axiomatic in the Douglas entourage that the smaller the group, the more warmly the Senator gets his personality across. At coffee hours, box socials, cocktail parties, or talking from his blue sound truck at factory gates and street corners, Douglas can manage to whip up an almost fervid enthusiasm. Where Joe Meek offers the comfortable, homey personality familiar in the glee club or back room or at the poker table, Douglas offers the aloof yet powerful appeal of the schoolteacher, the minister, the doctor.

Douglas's program is pitched, intellectually, at the highest level. As expressed by the Senator himself, it is "to extend the area of freedom abroad and restore prosperity at home." In the campaign, this boils down to several pluses and several minuses on the street corners. Douglas's anti-Communist record is so strong that not even a Knowland or a McCarthy could find a flaw in it. His older and earlier scholarly social examinations are, to be sure, translated by the Republicans as "Fabian socialism" but as yet without the degree of malice one might expect in the *Tribune's* back yard. But his ferocious anti-Communist position in the Senate does, occasionally, cause concern even to other Democratic leaders. To some Midwesterners, Douglas's Senatorial speeches are sometimes translatable as "a desire for war"; Joe Meek, by contrast, reflects that seductive school of Republican philosophy that wants to fight Communism only at home. The second area of discontent is in a small but not insignificant group of thoughtful people who feel that Douglas's proud boast that the Act outlawing the Communist Party is a Democratic achievement rates as a blunder and that the Act itself violates the Constitution.

Douglas's second plank, "to restore prosperity at home," wins a lot more votes. Whatever the state of business across the country, Illinois industry is soft. An estimated seven per cent of its labor force is unemployed. (Unemployment claims, listed at 153,000 out of three million wage earners, are up by a hundred thousand from a year ago, and are probably fifty thousand higher than official figures.) Farm prices are off. Douglas is most careful to avoid claiming there is an outright depression. That is partly because, as an economist, he does not feel that we have a real depression, and partly because the Republicans have tagged him "the prophet of gloom and doom." Whatever the precise measure of the economy, the business downturn cannot help but play into Douglas's hands, adding to the normal Democratic majority in the bleak soft-coal mining area of southern Illinois and in Chicago where manufacturing is generally slack.

Topography of the Vote

Like other one-city-dominated states such as New York and Massachusetts, Illinois thinks of itself as a split personality. There is Chicago, encased in Cook County, and "downstate," which comprises all the other 101 counties. In a hot election year, Cook County will put out slightly more than half of Illinois' four million votes.

In the past, this made election strategy clear. The Republicans would roll to the county line with a plurality of several hundred thousand downstate, and the Democrats would balance it with a majority of several hundred thousand in Cook County. Victory would depend on how much national or local issues would add to or reduce these traditional margins. But as the nation changes, as voters increasingly exert independent judgment, as old city machines wither, as urban, racial, and ethnic groups shift dwelling or allegiance, "normal" loyalties evaporate. The Illinois of Harding-Coolidge days with Republican margins of two to one is as dead as the gold dollar. So too is the Chicago of Roosevelt's heyday when the magic name could pull out of the city alone majorities of 500,000 or 600,000.

Today, though downstate is still Republican and Chicago still Democratic, no one can guarantee anything. In the 1948 gubernatorial campaign, Adlai Stevenson ran up a majority of 125,000 downstate and picked up 450,000 more in Chicago to give him a 575,000 margin over his opponent. Yet in Cook County in 1950, the high Republican on the Cook County ticket rolled up a lead of 350,000 votes while the low man lost the county by only 150,000—a spread of half a million. Political targets today have to be singled out one by one, scientifically and professionally.

Republicans and Suburbs

Both candidates share with politicians all over the country their major perplexity—the suburban migration. Chicago, like New York, decays visibly. Congested, crowded, grimy under its pall of smoke, its schools overcrowded, strained with racial tensions, it expels more city-bred families each year into the countryside to seek green lawns, good schools, their own homes, and uncrowded streets. As they leave to become householders, they leave behind their older political loyalties

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too. "Even the Jews of Jake Arvey's 24th ward," one Republican politician gloated, "when they move out to the suburbs, they vote Republican." The result of the migration of Irish-Americans, Jewish-Americans, Polish-Americans, and Italo-Americans is that while the City of Chicago still votes Democratic (by reduced margins), the suburban belt within Cook County (voting Republican by two and three to one) can frequently balance Chicago out and produce an actual Republican plurality (8,000 for Dirksen in 1950; 16,500 for Eisenhower in 1952).

The Republicans regard the growth of the suburbs as an almost permanent guarantee of a Republican majority as far ahead into the future as they can see. This year, for example, they point to the stark figures of Chicago registration. This spring they plainly showed a decline of serious proportions in registered voters—150,000 less, as a matter of fact, than registrations in the same spring month of 1952. All but four of Chicago's fifty wards had lost voters, and these four were right next to the suburbs.

The Democrats are not, however, prepared to concede the suburbs. They feel that the character and personality of Douglas aids them in the neat white-collar towns enormously. They point out that in this year's primary Douglas, running unopposed, was able to pick up 248,448 down state votes as against only 154,100 in his primary in 1948—and of this 248,448 a surprising percentage came from the suburban fringe within Cook County and the "pure" suburban counties of Lake and Du Page. Douglas, moreover, with an exceptionally able headquarters staff, is putting on a far more effective effort to organize the suburbs than the old-fashioned traditional Democratic machines.

Press, Legion, Negroes, Labor

Beyond this common concern with the suburban vote, the two parties diverge in their concentration of effort and hope. Meek counts on the big press and overwhelmingly on the Chicago *Tribune*. Douglas, so far, has relatively few papers in Illinois behind him, but hopes that the suburbanite Chicago *Daily News* will remain neutral. Meek has a vast acquaintance among Illinois merchants and storekeepers, a ready-made network of support. Meek and the Republicans also count on the American Legion, an organization that plays tough politics in Illinois; though Meek's appeal to the Legion crowd is somewhat lessened by the contrast of his record with the honors Paul Douglas won on the field of combat, the Legion organizationally will be behind Meek. Finally, the farm belt is Meek's. Though drought in southern Illinois has upset the farmers and falling prices have disturbed the prosperous corn belt north of Springfield, the Illinois farmer, a man of substance, can be trusted overwhelmingly to vote the straight Republican ticket.

Besides his drive to cut down the Republican majority in the suburbs, the profile of Douglas's campaign

shows two major peaks of concentration.

The first is in Chicago. Here the old Cook County machine, suffering and smarting from three successive defeats, has now come to see Douglas, with his impeccable integrity, as an asset. They have braced him with a blue-ribbon county ticket that glitters in contrast to that of the Republicans. The Cook County boys are solidly and earnestly behind Douglas, knowing that victory will bring not only honor but a long roster of inconspicuous patronage jobs in the county itself. The Cook County machine counts on the Jewish vote (now declining), on the Polish bloc, on the Italians, and on most of the Irish. It concedes weakness among Chicago's Germans and Swedes.

The biggest question mark is, of course, the Negroes. Up from the 1950 census figure of 565,000 to an estimated 700,000, the Negro population of Chicago is now twenty per cent or more of the city's total. This Negro vote is basically Democratic but is lightly registered. Short of funds and money, the machine cannot troop the Negroes to the polls as it did in the old days before Kefauver dried up the chief bankrollers of the Negro wards. Here the machine, and the Democrats, must rely on labor to explore the reserves that a heavy Negro registration might throw into the balance.

Labor is the third vitally important area of concentration in the Douglas drive. If labor is more Democratic in Chicago today than at any time since 1948, it is only partly due to Douglas's devoted wooing and his friendly voting record. Meek's activities over the past twenty years at the state capital have given him an anti-labor record so pure, so complete, so unconditional that many a labor leader would vote for Fred Hartley in preference to Meek. Thus labor is organizing at the grass roots not only in the city but in the suburbs. The CIO has already put several hundred permanent precinct captains through a six-evening course; it is registering Negroes more effectively than the machine.

NATURALLY, both headquarters claim victory. However, neither does so with an air of certainty. The most optimistic Democrat this correspondent encountered was Jake Arvey, sachem of Cook County, who believes he can muster a majority of 300,000 or 400,000 in Cook County alone. This would give Douglas a handy victory. The most optimistic Republican politician this correspondent encountered declared the Republicans would break even in Cook County, losing only the sheriff race, and pile up a 200,000 majority downstate. Finally, since every correspondent owes it to his readers to stick his neck out, this reporter wants to record that Illinois at this point looks like a victory for Douglas—close enough to make him sweat each waking moment between now and November 2, but big enough (75,000 to 125,000) to be a meaningful expression of preference.

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'The Lovely Pub' In Lancashire

ROBERT WAITHMAN

IN THE SALOON BAR, a great crack ran diagonally down the wall behind the shelves where the bottles were. It had been plastered, but nobody had bothered to repaint the wall. Even the fire in the black iron grate was a failure. There was no grace or warmth in the place, and the half-dozen working Lancashiremen who were standing drinking pints of mild beer at the bar had almost nothing to say to one another. The only sounds of talk came from two U.S. Air Force sergeants who were sitting by themselves at a worn table on the far side of the fireplace. One of them was sprawling with his elbow in the middle of the table, his forehead supported by his open palm. A cigarette between his fingers was smoldering an inch above his straw-colored hair. He was about twenty-two. The other, dark and thin and a few years older, was drawing patterns with one finger in the lager that had slopped onto the table top, and he was saying, "I can't see why you should give a damn." The sprawling one did not answer or stir.

"So her old lady wouldn't let her go out with you," the dark one said after a while. "So all right, she don't trust Americans. The hell with her. Does she think her daughter'd get raped or something?"

THE FAIR ONE straightened up and threw the end of his cigarette into the smoky grate. He took a thoughtful drink of his lager. "I guess so," he said. "I guess that's what she thinks."

"Maybe she don't trust her daughter either," said the dark one. He gave a short, hard laugh. "Maybe she knows her better than you do."

"Look," said the boy with the yellow hair. "She's all right. Just remember that. She's all right and her mother's all right. I don't want any more cracks like that." He spoke quite evenly.

"Okay, okay," said the other one. "If you're stuck on her, okay. It's your business."

"Sure," the boy said, and he pulled out a pack of Pall Malls and lit one with slow movements. "Sure, I'm stuck on her and it's my business."

THE DARK ONE looked at him uncertainly. "All I say, I'm getting damned tired of being treated like I had smallpox or something. Why don't her mother trust Americans? Does she know any Americans?"

"I don't know. It wouldn't make any difference."

"That's what I mean. They don't want to know anything. They don't want their ideas upset, see? They just want it the way they've always had it. Anything that don't fit their cockeyed ideas, that they got from reading the papers and listening to gossip, they don't want to hear about it. The hell with them."

The straw-haired soldier picked up his glass and swilled the lager gently around, watching it carefully. "I don't see it that way," he said.

"I don't know what other way you can see it. Listen, they don't want you because they see Americans out with tarts. All right. Why do Americans go out with tarts? Because there's no nice girls to go out with, because their goddamn mothers think they'd be taken for tarts if anyone saw them out with Americans. What's the sense in that?"

"Hell, I didn't say there was any sense in it. Look, let's get out of here."

"Wait a minute." The dark-haired one sounded aggrieved. "I want to hear why I'm crazy. Go on—what's the angle?"

"There isn't any angle," the boy said.

"Yes, there is, there's my angle. You say that's wrong. Why is it wrong?"

"Because it isn't that simple, that's why. You think I blame her mother for not letting her come out with me the first time I ask?"

"Oh, I see. You don't blame her. That's why you been bellyaching about it all night?"

THE STRAW-HAIRED BOY seemed suddenly to cheer up. He grinned broadly. "You figured out what

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you're going to buy us for a wedding present?" he asked.

"Sure, the George Washington Bridge," said the dark one sourly.

"You think I'm kidding? I'm going to marry her. I just decided—just this minute. Ain't that something?"

He jumped up so quickly that his chair fell over on its back, and the men standing at the bar turned to look. He went over to the beer pumps and cried, "How about a drink?"

The barman, who was big and bald, put his evening paper down and got up from a battered kitchen chair he was sitting on near the cash register. His face was wary.

"This is a celebration," the boy told him, loud enough for everyone to hear. "I just got engaged. Anyone who wants a drink can have one."

Nobody said anything. After an empty pause, the barman asked, "Lagers?"

"Scotch—make it doubles, and have one yourself, huh?"

"Much obliged," the barman said, and he let his face relax a little.

The dark-haired soldier stayed at the table.

"Will you have a drink, pal?" the boy said to the nearest man at the bar.

The man looked uncomfortable. "Thanks all the same, but I've got one 'ere," he said.

"Anyone else want a drink?"

There was an embarrassed silence; then an elderly man further down the bar said: "Go a'ead, chum—don't you worry about us." He raised his pint glass to show that he meant it kindly.

The barman poured out the two Scotches and a bottle of beer for himself and the boy paid for them with a pound note. He took the glasses to the table and then returned to pick up the change and came back to the table. He lifted his glass and said to the dark soldier, "This is a big night!"

STILL STANDING by the fallen chair, he drank his Scotch in a gulp. Then he looked across at the bottles behind the bar and at the cracked wall behind the bottles.

"I'll never forget this pub," he said fondly, "Boy, this is a lovely pub."

Where Did My Son Learn Those Words?

BILL MAULDIN

HAROLD ROSS, the late editor of the *New Yorker,* once told me how he managed to stay off radio programs.

"I'm a profane - - - - - - - by nature," he said, "and whenever one of those - - - - - - - literary round tables or something would call up, I'd say, 'Why, hell yes, I'll be glad to sit on your - - - - - - - panel or whatever the - - - - you call it.'

"I'd go on like this for a couple more sentences—it didn't take much—and the - - - - - - - - - - never would call back. The word got around that I couldn't draw a breath without cussing and I haven't been bothered in years."

NOW I couldn't hold a candle to Ross because he had years of practice on me. But having known a number of cowpunchers and migrant fruit pickers in my tenderest youth, having lived in several boarding houses during my teens, and having spent five years in the Army's finishing school, I can turn the atmosphere a fair shade of purple myself. Without any conscious effort, that is; it just rolls out conversationally, so that the listener doesn't blink until three or four harmless words later.

My wife is understanding about my affliction and appreciates how hard I sit on my tongue in mixed gatherings containing female strangers, even though I might let go a little when I've known them for an hour or so. However, she has been warning me for years that the real embarrassment would become mine, not hers, when our children started growing up.

She was right.

Daddy Is Nuts

I managed to get our eldest son, now a first grader, pretty well straightened out last year, before he was able to corrupt too many kindergarten playmates or precipitate any warning notes to me from his teacher.

The formula was simple and I recommend it, at least as a try, for all low-mouthed but otherwise exemplary fathers:

"Don't say that!"

"But I heard you say it, Daddy."

"I did not say it. I said, 'Got damaged!' "

"What got damaged?"

"Helena, Montana."

"Oh."

"Or maybe I said, 'Got down.' "

"Got down where?"

"Got down! Couldn't get up. Son of a bit my finger; Helena, Montana, got damaged by fire. That's what I'm really saying when you think you hear those bad words."

"That's pretty silly."

Immediate loss of interest, in most cases. Furthermore, it causes the boy to suspect, for the first time, that you're a little coo-coo, and goes a long way toward curing the imitative tendencies which caused the evil in the first place.

The Born Artist

However, the trick has not worked with our second eldest, who starts nursery school this fall. His vocabulary surpasses even mine, because his childish imagination takes whole strings of expletives and runs them up into new combinations. A couple of times he has been so shockingly

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profane that I've found myself spending the rest of the day in sober, pure silence. And yet he swears only in front of me. He is the soul of innocence with all others, especially his mother. It is as if this rosy cherub were haunting me for the sin of having once polluted the air above his crib.

Making things even worse for me, my wife has enrolled him in a new nursery school recently organized by a local group of forward-thinking, high-minded, fertile young parents, and I have in my hand a document which terrifies me—the mimeographed "Information for Parents," published by the school to prepare us for opening day.

THE REMINDER that I am expected to contribute free labor periodically doesn't bother me. That's how the co-operative saves us tuition money. What scares me is the set of rules on how the little fellow must be brought to school every morning. Article 5 states: "Report any questionable behavior or emotional upsets before school, or on the way to school, to the teacher." Article 6: "On bringing the child in the morning, parents or driver must remain until child has been examined and accepted by the teacher."

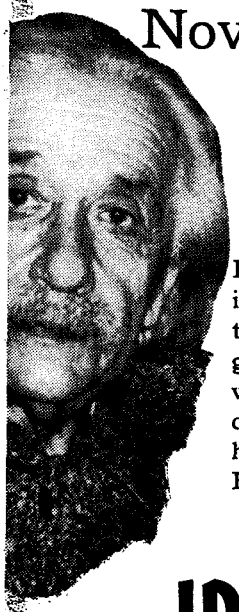
I don't say that kids should just be kicked out of the car at the school door with their neuroses and runny noses for the teacher to cope with as best she can. But I am to draw the job of parent-driver, and the early morning behavior of my second child with me around is always highly questionable. After all, he's had a night's sleep and is fresh. Cross him gently and he will damn you mildly; give him a hard time and he'll sizzle your ears.

If these rules mean what they say and that school is going to make me stick around while my boy stands morning inspection, then I can see him now in the front rank (parent-drivers in the rear), smartly bringing his lunch box up and snapping it open as Teacher comes to him.

"Any traumas to report this morning, dear?"

"No, but that - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - behind me made me finish every - - - - - - - smidge of my cereal."

More often than not, I'll have to bring him right home.



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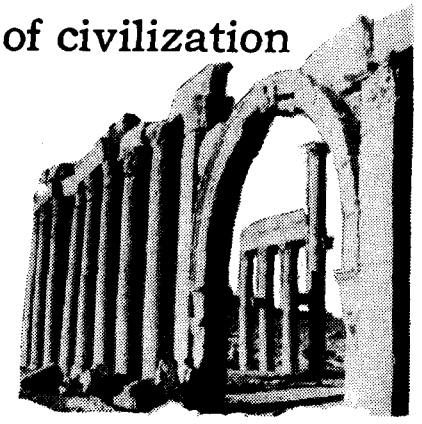

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CHANNELS:
The Animated Sell

MARYA MANNES

FOR SOME TIME, Jell-O has been providing the most impudent and imaginative "spot" on television. The spot changes slightly from week to week, but the theme is the same. First we see a linear profile in the cartoonist Steinberg's manner depicting a very silly, very frazzled woman. As an equally silly female voice says "Busy day! Busy busy busy day!," the empty space of the woman's skull is progressively blocked in by vignettes of babies yelling, floors being swept, clothes being ironed, groceries bought, telephones answered. These frenetic activities then dissolve into an elliptical cat's cradle of busyness, a sort of hysterical ring of Saturn, which obscures the woman entirely as at the end of her day she cries despairingly, "Too late! Too late to make a dessert!" And then the triumphant "NO!" when the instant making of Jell-O is shown photographically and we are once more back into the stale world of the routine commercial.

The golden moment of the silly woman has passed—much too quickly. But in passing it has earned its creators—Gene Deitch and United Productions of America—one of the most coveted of all graphic awards: the gold medal of the Art Directors Club, presented only for work of extreme excellence. It has also heralded a revolution in commercials.

FOR TWENTY YEARS, animation had meant Disney or imitators of Disney. The comic cartoon had meant big-eared mice, irate ducks, trembling fawns, slavering wolves, and buck-toothed rabbits. In Disney's hands they were delightful, funny, touching, or all three. In the hands of his imitators they became merely raucous and vulgar. Then gradually Disney's own freshness faded. More and more money, more and more transparencies were lavished on spectacles where cute, saccharine stencils of the human face were increasingly overlaid on elaborate evocations of nature, and the animals were drawn almost solely to induce that doting "Awwww!" from the audience which is usually reserved for real babies or puppies. Moments of charm and invention were still left, but no real wit and none of that imagination which uses little to convey much.

Then, about four years ago, the wind changed. People in theaters were suddenly refreshed and exhilarated by shorts bearing the credit "UPA." Here were the first non-arty films to use modern art for purposes of communication, to take advantage of pure clean line and pure clean color not only to delight the eye but to tell a story, and to tell that story with wit and irreverence in the brave belief that people can relish both. Gone was the pretty, tinted, lavish fairy tale of the later Disney. Overnight, it seemed, the taste had changed from chocolate malted milk to champagne: Gerald McBoing Boing, Mr. Magoo, Frankie and Johnnie, Madeleine, Christopher Crumpet. Audiences all over the country were enjoying their astringent brilliance, their bold and happy disregard for the familiar.

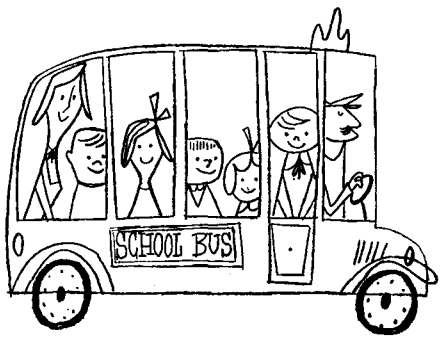
The New Commercials

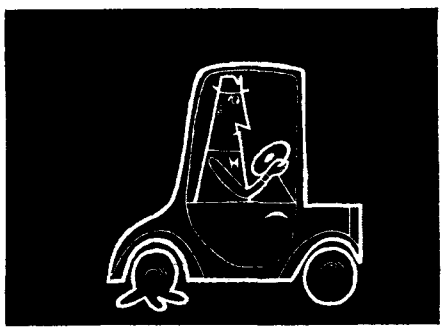
As usual, the world of commerce was slow to catch on. TV realized that animation was one of its strongest techniques, but could not believe that the unfamiliar, the fresh, the new would ever sell anything. So it stayed in the old world of cute animals and cute faces which, though usually preferable to human salesmen, did little to hold the eye.

Then came Jell-O. And Bromo-Seltzer. And Coca-Cola and Knickerbocker beer and the Telephone Company and Lees carpets and Bab-O and a dozen or more products that are using the UPA technique and ideas. It has finally dawned on the advertising-agency consciousness that originality, taste, and wit can sell better than cuteness.

This dawning has tripled the business of United Productions of America since the first of this year. Its commercial unit—as apart from its feature unit in Hollywood—moved to New York three years ago, but for two years suffered under the inhibiting aegis of a commercial agency which applied old approaches of selling to what was a revolutionary product. Since UPA has been on its own it has more work than it can handle—not only straight "spots" but jobs like the opening sequences of the new "Omnibus" and shorts for the American Heart Association featuring a hypochondriac called Cordell Pump.

GENE DEITCH is art director of this unit, which consists of thirty-five people, a position arrived at logically enough through work in every phase of UPA operations on the Coast—animation, design, direction. War service, animation for Disney,





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writing, painting, and art directing seem a common denominator in the background of UPA men, most of whom are in their early thirties.

Looking at the crowded, brilliant walls in Deitch's office and hearing him explain the strips of little squares that comprise the "plot" of each short, a visitor sees that this first phase of planning is purely creative, purely imaginative. The mind that can think up the Louis XIV stylized "suns" for the signature of the new "Omnibus," the jazz-band sequence for a Con Edison short on wiring, or the abstract designs for the purification of water in Coca-Cola bottling is a free mind. Animators who can translate the styles of Steig or Thurber or Osborn are not hacks.

It is in the second and final stages that the most exact technical skills take over. Every frame is plotted down to its last detail, every shade of every color numbered and noted, every transparency checked and rechecked for accuracy of line and tone. When the big camera is fed its slides, all the operator does is follow the sequence of figures on a chart that looks more like an abstruse equation than a comic cartoon.

"One thing about our stuff," said Deitch, "is that it costs much less than Disney's because we make no attempt at naturalism. We use the simplest means to get our story over." The unit's camera, possibly its most expensive single piece of equipment, cost about $10,000; the average completed short runs about $50,000.

"WE'RE ALREADY the biggest commercial TV studio in New York," Deitch added, "and what pleases us most is that the agencies now come to *us* for ideas instead of telling us what to do. They know we work better that way—and that in the end they sell better."

"Busy busy busy day": UPA is consolidating its revolution.

The Tortured Spain Of Claude G. Bowers

GERALD BRENAN

MY MISSION TO SPAIN, by Claude G. Bowers. *Simon and Schuster.* $6.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS was the United States Ambassador to Spain from June, 1933, till March, 1939. He arrived in Madrid when the Republic had been in existence for just over two years and returned to Washington immediately after the victory of Franco.

Ambassador Bowers had the advantage of not being a professional diplomat. Before he was appointed to Spain he had had a distinguished career as newspaperman and politician. He had written several books on American history and was a personal friend of Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, and other leading Democrats. This gave him a freshness of outlook that one does not usually find among career diplomats as well as a strong faith in those liberal and democratic principles which the Spanish Republic had hoped to establish. Thus, while the ambassadors of other nations adopted a cold and often hostile attitude toward the new régime, Mr. Bowers warmly took up its cause and gave it to the very end as much support as he could.

In his book he defends this attitude of partiality by declaring, surely quite rightly, that the ambassador of a democracy ought to favor those parties which believe in democratic institutions whenever they are attacked and undermined by others which are totalitarian. This was especially necessary when the world was as gravely menaced by the Nazi and Fascist nations as it is by the Communist ones today.

BUT WHAT we have to consider here is the report of the observer rather than the conduct of the ambassador. Claude Bowers's book shows us that he let himself be carried away by his liking for Spain and by his New Deal enthusiasm to the point where he was unable to see anything that did not fit in with the Spanish Republican case. It is a pity that in the fifteen years that have elapsed since his return to Washington he has neglected to think again on these events, which are by no means as simple as he imagines.

Those who remember the terrible years of 1936-1939, when the whole democratic world was sunk in the nightmare of the Spanish Civil War, will get a strange feeling as they turn over these pages. All the fluctuations of hope and fear they went through then, if, as they were almost bound to do, they supported the Republican side, will rise again in their memories. They will feel as though they were reading the love letters of their youth. Suddenly they will remember that the girl they were once mad about has long been married to someone else, is the mother of five children, and has lost all her attractions. Then they will feel an impulse to put the book down. Nothing is as tedious as to relive the thoughts and enthusiasms and catchwords of years ago. What we want when we turn to the past is elucidation and explanation. We need to see events freed from the aura of emotion and half-truth and presented with a certain objectivity.

Republic and Church

We can best understand why this book disappoints us if we consider who the Left Republicans were and then compare this with what Claude Bowers says about them. They were a small party, divided into several groups and led by schoolmasters, doctors, lawyers, and other professional people. They represented the elite of the nation. An important movement of writers and intellectuals, the so-called "generation of '98," had prepared the way for them. Their chief support in the country came from the lower middle classes, and they had no mass following unless one includes the anarcho-syndicalists, who, since they put up no

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candidates of their own, generally voted for them. On the surface the Left Republicans' program of moderate reforms, with its stress on education, was one with which every liberal-minded person could agree, but the driving force in the party was hatred of the Catholic Church, which for more than a century had been the chief enemy of the liberals. One of their first acts, therefore, was to embody in the Constitution a measure forbidding the religious orders to teach in schools, proscribing the Jesuits, confiscating their property, and suppressing the state grant to the Church out of which the clergy was paid. Since most of the secondary and many of the primary schools in the country were run by the religious orders, this was a blow to mass education which, so the Left Republicans claimed, they had come in to extend.

But their act had other and far graver consequences. It gave a rallying point to the reactionary parties, which had been greatly weakened by their association with the monarchy, alienated large sections of the peasants and middle classes, and introduced into political debates a dangerous bitterness and venom. In the elections of November, 1933, the parties of the Left suffered a smashing defeat and the Left Republicans were almost annihilated.

We may now ask what Claude Bowers has to say of this anti-Catholic legislation. In his summary of the reasons for the failure of the first Republican Administration, he simply says, "The hierarchy of the church was arrayed against it primarily because of the separation of church and state and, though there was no interference with religious worship, there was a prohibition against teaching by the religious orders." In a later passage he appears to make it a virtue on the part of the Republic that religious worship was allowed at all and that Church treasures had not been confiscated. He completely fails to see that this legislation created a chasm that divided the country into two irreconcilable halves and so handed over the cause of the Republic to the revolutionary working classes. Since in every other respect the Left Republicans were liberals of a moderate and even timid kind, their action was all the more foolish. They were stirring up a hornets' nest in order to fight the battles of the past.

The Fatal Election

During the next two years Spain was ruled by an alliance of reactionary landlords and tepid, spineless Republicans. The slump that had broken out in the United States back in 1929 now struck the country hard and the value of agricultural produce fell. Landlords often could not pay the wages which the previous Government had doubled, and for this and worse reasons let their land fall out of cultivation. In the country districts there was unemployment and misery. The revolutionary tempo rose, and the weak Governments, in which political parties maneuvered for position, took no steps to remedy the situation. Then the rising of the Asturian miners came and left a trail of hatred and vituperation behind it. Everyone could see that the next election would be decisive—far more decisive than most Spaniards wished it to be. It was held in February, 1936, and resulted in victory for the Left, which had organized its forces in a Popular Front.

Claude Bowers's account of these years gives the Left Republican case. He sees the changing situation through their eyes, and that is certainly better than seeing it through those of the reactionaries. But twenty years after the events described, one has the right to expect a more objective view. For example, he has nothing beyond a few vague lines to tell us about the crucial agrarian situation in south and central Spain. If, as he implies, this could be solved simply by breaking up the large estates and handing them over to the peasants, it would probably have been done long ago. But such factors as rural overpopulation and lack of rainfall make Spanish agrarian reform a complex question—in which none of the parties of the Spanish Republic took a serious interest.

Spain: the Battleground

The elections of 1936 brought about a new situation. A weak and obviously ephemeral Republican Government found itself sandwiched between the revolutionary working classes and the united forces of the Right, which at once began to seek promises of military aid from foreign nations. The alternatives seemed to be either a dictatorship of the left-wing Socialists leagued with the Communists, or of the Right, which would assume a fascist coloring. Here we see the tragedy of Spain, which, owing to its weak social and agrarian structure, has again and again been made a tilting ground for the ideologies and ambitions of other countries. The majority of Spaniards wanted a peaceable solution at almost any cost, and I have no doubt that, but for the rise at this moment of Nazi Germany and for the fact that there had been a Russian Revolution, they would have settled their affairs by a political compromise. But the fear and tension on both sides were too high and the Left Republicans were no longer in a position to hold the balance. Germany and Italy saw their opportunity, and Spain became the first victim of the Nazi eruption, the first battlefield of the coming war.

Ambassador Bowers, like the ambassadors of the other neutral nations, spent the period of the Civil War at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, and for this reason he has little to say about the political changes on the Government side. When he does notice them, he shows a blissful ignorance of the rise of the Communists to power (until a few months before the war, they had been insignificant) and of the way in which they got rid of every Minister who opposed them. He repeats the phrase, less convinc-

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ing today than it was then, that Communism could never "take root in Spain because of the intense individualism of the people."

However, Mr. Bowers has much to say on the farce of nonintervention and on the cowardice of the Chamberlain Government. This is an opinion upon which most people are agreed today. But since the policy of the United States was neutrality at any price, Mr. Bowers's scathing expressions would come perhaps with better grace from a European. He is not correct in saying that the nonintervention pact was hatched in London and that Premier Léon Blum and the French Popular Front were blackmailed into accepting it. This seemed the most likely explanation at the time, but the British Labour Minister Hugh Dalton has told me that when he led a deputation of his party to Paris to strengthen the hands of Blum against Chamberlain's supposed pressure, he found the desire for nonintervention to be equally strong on the French side. Blum showed an intense anxiety to avoid being involved in Spanish affairs. Perhaps too he believed that if no pact was signed, more arms would reach the rebels from Germany and Italy than the European democracies could supply to the Republicans.

If Franco Had Lost

Now that the Civil War is long over and the smoke of propaganda and half-truth has cleared away, it is proper to look at this contest again. What would have happened, let us ask ourselves, if the Spanish Government had won instead of Franco? Since the liberals, whose victory the democracies naturally desired, had from the outbreak of the fighting lost all influence, it was the left-wing Socialists and Communists who would have controlled the country. Their first task on concluding the war would have been to mop up the anarcho-syndicalists, who comprised half the Spanish working classes, and the difficulties of their situation would almost certainly have compelled them to set up a dictatorship. But their triumph would not have lasted long. Hitler could not have left such a Government in his rear when he invaded Russia, and we must therefore suppose that he would first have overrun Spain and closed the Strait of Gibraltar. This would not have made the Allies' task any easier. It may be argued that these events would have led them, once Germany was defeated, to occupy Spain and re-establish the Republic. One may ask, What Republic? I imagine that after the proscriptions and counterproscriptions and counter-counterproscriptions, not many Spaniards would have been left alive.

However, it was the pro-German and anti-democratic party that won the Civil War. The country was exhausted by the struggle, and in Franco the Allies had the good luck to find a Spanish general of unusual wariness and caution. The British had earned a certain popularity by their resistance, and Hitler found, as other nations had done before him, that one does not gain much for oneself by intervening in a Spanish struggle. Spain remained neutral and its neutrality favored the Allies even more than intervention on their side would have done.

Spain Today

The Spanish Civil War, we may say, has its origin in the centuries-old Spanish dilemma. Geography has made Spain a west European country, but it has also given it a soil so poor and rainless that its economy has not been able to adapt itself to west European conditions. How can a spirited and politically minded nation sustain a parliamentary democracy when a large part of its working classes and peasants have such a low and uncertain standard of living? Inevitably they will use their vote to build up revolutionary parties and inevitably the more prosperous classes (the bourgeoisie and the peasants of the rainy north) will defend themselves. Before Spain can be a stable country with sufficient confidence in itself to face free elections, the standard of living of the landless laborers and of the workers generally will have to be raised so that they can feel that the government of the country is also their government.

For this, capital will have to be found for more irrigation schemes and power stations and to build up new industries. Concurrently, agrarian reforms will have to be carried out. Only then will it be possible

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to see whether political democracy is, as it claims to be, the best type of government for all countries or whether it is merely suited to certain nations in certain expanding stages of their development.

Today, Spain is a dictatorship. Since it was the democracies that won the war, it has had to adapt itself to a democratic environment. This has helped to make it progressively milder and more liberal in spirit and hence to return to the Spanish national tradition, which, except where heresy was concerned, has always been egalitarian and tolerant. At present that heresy is Marxism rather than liberalism.

The left wing is represented by, or perhaps one should say in, the one party, the Falange, which draws its strength mainly from the lower middle classes. Although too strongly fettered to its patronage (it appoints every official in the country), it has all the same maintained some kind of a struggle against the landowning and moneyed interests and against the excessive claims of the Church. Although its syndical movement has failed to win over the working classes, it has done something to raise their standard of living by imposing minimum wages and by introducing for the first time unemployment benefits and old-age pensions. Lately it has been losing ground. The problem of the party in a one-party state is to keep up its dynamism and so justify its permanent possession of the fruits of office.

SEEN in the context of present-day Spain, Ambassador Bowers's book makes the impression of a ghost. Its voice, strained and urgent, is the voice of fifteen years ago. Yes, we felt like that then, but the situation is different now. We had better admit that not one of our predictions was fulfilled. Franco did not take Spain into the war, and his dictatorship, whether we like it or not, has at present the support, though often a little grudging, of most Spaniards. It has surmounted great difficulties—a lack of foreign exchange, political isolation, a prolonged drought—and is now beginning to enjoy, with American aid, a fair degree of prosperity. How long, I would ask foreign liberals, is the old feud to be kept up?

The British and the Bridge

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI, by Pierre Boulle. Translated by Xan Fielding. *Vanguard. $3.*

IN 1942 the British lost Malaya. Somewhere outside Singapore a memorable photograph was taken at the time. It presented to newspaper readers throughout the world the spectacle of a British officer marching out to surrender to the Japanese. The remarkable thing about that photograph was that the officer looked very smart, very proud in defeat. He did not look humiliated. The reason for his impeccably military bearing was that he was following a ritual—in this instance performed in an unpleasant and undesired situation—and a ritual allows no space for personal emotion.

That a proper army must do things the proper way, in victory or in defeat, is a conviction not peculiar to the British Army. All great nations know the code, if only in the memory of noble days long past. If only in the way a crooked lawyer pays tribute to the law he subverts, they all make interminable reference to it. Seldom, however, in modern war are both sides equally devoted to its substance or even its form.

When that devotion is absent on one side—it was signally lacking among the Nazis and the Japanese—it is a question whether it can be sustained in all its rigorous requirements by the other.

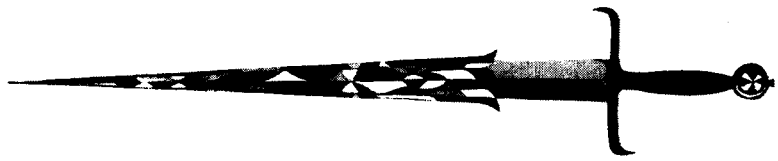
In this novel, *The Bridge Over the River Kwai,* which is written with sardonic wit and strong though controlled emotion, a French moralist has managed to suggest the nature of the dilemma that conscientious men must face in modern warfare. Rarely has so serious an author been as amusing; rarely has so exciting a narrative contained so unobtrusive and urgent a moral. It is, in its own peculiar way, one of the most amusing books about the British ever written. The French are supposedly incapable of understanding anyone but the French, and are legendarily disinclined to travel. But Pierre Boulle traveled so far from home that he served with the British Special Force based on Calcutta in 1944-1945. There he gained his surprising knowledge of the British army officer, his valor and foibles.

Etiquette of Surrender

One of the author's heroes, Colonel Nicholson, had great difficulty after Singapore in finding a senior Japanese officer to whom he could surrender in proper form. When a Japanese major finally appeared on the scene, the colonel stepped smartly forward and, with a carefully rehearsed gesture, presented him with his revolver. "Faced with this gift, the astonished major first stepped back in alarm; then he appeared extremely embarrassed; finally he became convulsed by a long burst of savage laughter . . ."

When the Japanese had the colonel and his men in the prison camp on the River Kwai, the laughter ceased but the savagery continued. Colonel Nicholson's chief weapon when dealing with the Japanese was the *Manual of Military Law.* It prohibited, among other things, putting officer prisoners to manual labor. The weapon proved ineffective. Repeatedly the colonel was beaten up. He did not yield. He was a very brave man, and because his men and a principle were involved, he was obstinate. The principle was this: "The main thing is to make the lads feel they're still being commanded by us and not by these baboons. As long as they cling to this idea, they'll be soldiers, not slaves." Surely no principle could be more honorable. It led to disaster.

The colonel won his point with the Japanese commandant; that marked



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the beginning of disaster. For after the British officers, relieved of manual labor, took over their proper task of directing the men's work, it followed that this work—of building a key military rail bridge over the River Kwai—must be properly done. Under no circumstances could British soldiers be permitted to do sloppy work. Whatever a Briton does, he must do well.

So the colonel drove his men hard, and the men, against inconceivable difficulty, exhaustion, and disease, built a fine bridge over which Japanese troop trains could pass toward conquest in Burma. It is true that if the colonel had not led his men and sustained their morale while bridge building, the Japanese would have shot them for sabotage. It is also true that anyone but the colonel would soon have realized that building the bridge aided the enemy. The colonel, firm in tradition, guiltless in conscience, to the end remained bemused by his task.

Meanwhile, air reconnaissance observed the bridge's progress toward completion, and Special Services made plans to destroy it. It is not in the nature of commandos to know or care much about the traditional army code. But commandos, a special elite, stand for a new, realistic approach to warfare. The fact that they are especially brave men cancels out the factor of bravery in the discussion as to how war should be fought. Constructing his bridge, Colonel Nicholson was as brave as young Joyce intent on destroying it. The Japanese had not broken the colonel; indeed, his spirit had mastered theirs. In the dark river, applying plastic explosive to the piles of the bridge, young Joyce held firm against fear. The two were equal in bravery. And duty? Duty did not divide these men at the bridge. It was only their special conceptions of duty. And tradition? It was only that a new tradition faced an obstinately absurd exemplification of an old one.

How does this magnificent, comic, and pitiful struggle come out? It has too sharp an end to dull by telling. What matters is what the story shows of man's foredoomed attempt to civilize the uncivilizable.

BOOK NOTES

'The Mane' Remembers

My Name Is Tom Connally. *Thomas Y. Crowell. $5.*

Once when young Tom Connally was expecting a thrashing from his father but instead got harsh words, he concluded, "Pa must have figured that sarcasm was more effective than blows." The son took the father's philosophy to himself. His drawling, dripping sarcasms, more distinguished for their savageness and even their brutality than for wit or eloquence, were the terror of Capitol Hill.

In this ghost-written book are collected a good many of these sarcasms. The effect, unfortunately, is much like having a comedian describe how funny he is. Even the best ones seem pretty flat on the printed page. Doing little credit to the ghost, Alfred Steinberg, they are usually blurted out with none of the build-up or suspense that gives an anecdote zest.

It is too bad there couldn't be a more fitting memoir of this colorful Texan who with Republican Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan made up a bow-tied Senatorial pair in attendance at most of the major postwar international conferences. The two came to symbolize a bipartisanship in foreign policy that really worked. Yet, despite their chummy appearance in public, their rivalry was legendary. It crops up time and again in Connally's book with his solemn professions of doubt that Vandenberg ever truly renounced his prewar isolationism.

Connally, or his ghost, has striven manfully to make the Connally sarcasms carry the burden of the narrative. At times one gets the impression that perhaps they were supposed to have shaped the course of history. There was the occasion at a Paris conference of Foreign Ministers, for example, when Connally bitingly compared the intransigent Molotov to an ornery East Texas farmer. The book observes, "Molotov made no reply to this story. But gradually he became less stubborn."

Connally's shafts undoubtedly did play a part in keeping the know-nothing Senators at bay during the years when the great postwar foreign-policy measures were being considered by Congress. His irreverence toward even the venerable Robert Taft, his merciless onslaughts against the despairers and the economizers, often served as a handy substitute when logic had run its course in Senate debate.

The amazing story to be read between the lines is how this stubborn, highly prejudiced Texan when only a freshman Congressman grasped the international idealism of President Wilson and managed to keep his vision clear through more than three decades of front-line struggles. In spite of this book, Tom Connally deserves an honored place in history.

•

In League with the Devil

The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant, by Douglass Wallop. *Norton. $2.95.*

Even in the American League there are surprises—once in a decade, anyway. How could the unfortunate publishers have known that Douglass Wallop's provocative title would hit

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the bookstores with the Yankees trailing by 4½ games? Or that a baseball enthusiast might read the book with the TV set switched on between innings of that disastrous Sunday double-header in which the Cleveland Indians walloped the Yankees and pushed their lead up to 8½ games?

In the book the year is 1958, and the pennant chasers are the Washington Senators, which everybody will concede is as improbable as you can get. The miracle is wrought by the satanically hot baseball of a middle-aged Faust named Joe Boyd. The moral doesn't get in the way, and the story is hilarious right up to the last staring match between the Devil and the umpire.

●

World Enough and Time

THE MEMOIRS OF AGA KHAN. *Simon and Schuster. $6.*

Yes, the Aga Khan is a turfman, wealthy *bon vivant,* and ex-father-in-law of Rita Hayworth. These memoirs show that he is also a sincere religious leader who prays from four to five each morning and devotes much time to his followers' spiritual and material welfare; an astute statesman who held his Indian adherents in line for the British in two great wars and yet did much to facilitate the birth of Pakistan; and a prominent though unsuccessful worker for peace in the League of Nations.

Less than eight years after his birth in Bombay in 1877, by virtue of his presumed descent from Mohammed the Aga Khan succeeded to the Imamat, or spiritual sovereignty, over a Shiite sect, the Ismailis, numbering in the millions from China to East Africa. His western education, by Jesuit tutors, was broad and liberal.

From 1898, when he dined with Queen Victoria, the Aga became a member of the highest social and political circles of Europe, while working in India, as president of the Moslem League, for the Mohammedan minority's political and social rights. W. Somerset Maugham says in his preface, "He knew well the statesmen on whose decisions during the last fifty years great events depended. . . . He pays generous tribute to their integrity, intelligence, patriotism, wide knowledge and experience. It seems strange that with these valuable qualities they should have landed us all in the sorry mess in which we now find ourselves."

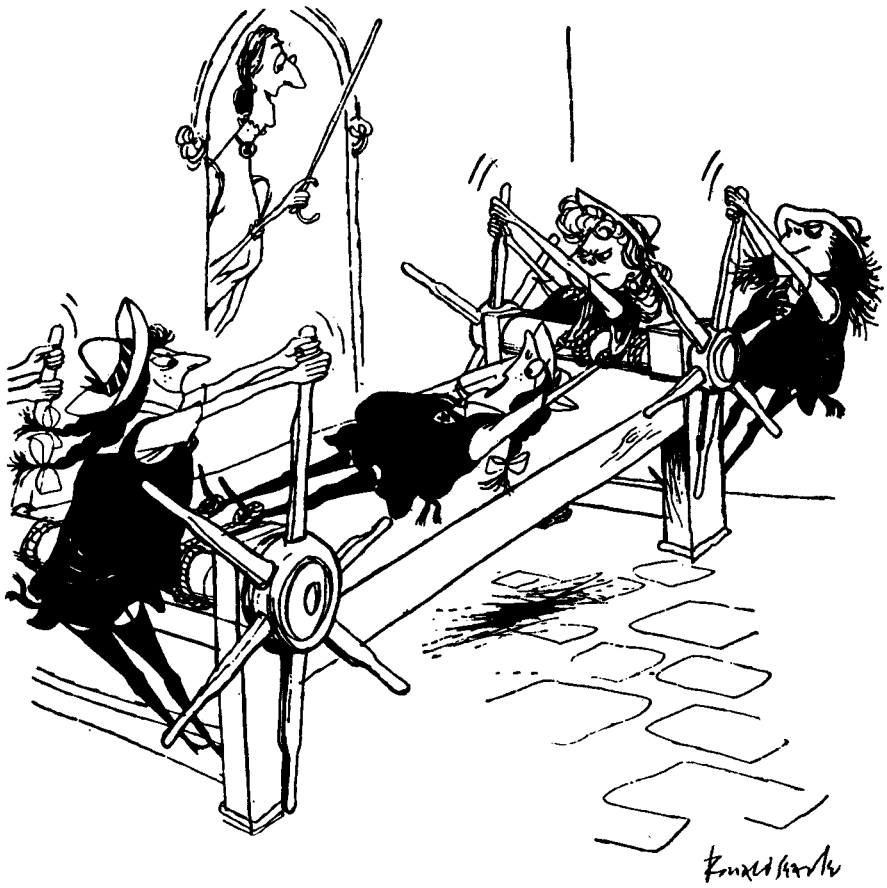
With a sadly misplaced benevolence, the author finds much to praise in Edward VIII (his "utter lack of flippancy, his seriousness and his concentration on his duties"), Mrs. Simpson ("intelligent as she was charming, admirably well informed, devoid too of flippancy"), and even Mussolini ("a man of brilliant and powerful individuality. He achieved in . . . Italy . . . a political revival analogous in some respects to the Wesleys' religious revival in England") and Farouk ("great charm and a genuine and compelling simplicity. . . . his piety; as a good Muslim his aversion to alcohol . . .; his courtesy and kindness especially to the poor . . .; and his patriotism and pride in his country"). What might be called an understanding bitterness is reserved for British racial prejudice, Hindu disregard of Moslem interests, German insatiability, political Zionism, and Miss Hayworth.

●

School for Witches

THE FEMALE APPROACH, by Ronald Searle. *Knopf. $3.50.*

MR. SEARLE is that great rarity, a *Punch* cartoonist whose work is intelligible to ninety per cent of Americans. The best of this excellent collection is a series of forty-eight drawings depicting life at a girls' school, the now famous—or notorious—St. Trinians, a haven for youthful hags. The story is that Mr. Searle got so disgusted with the antics of his delinquents, who are broomstick bait to the last prefect, that he ended the St. Trinians series forever. However, some faint hope for renewal is held out by Malcolm Muggeridge, editor of *Punch,* in his introduction: "There is, of course, the awful warning of Conan Doyle's attempt to kill off Sherlock Holmes. Doyle finally yielded to pressure upon him to resurrect Holmes. . . ."



"Come along, prefects. Playtime over."

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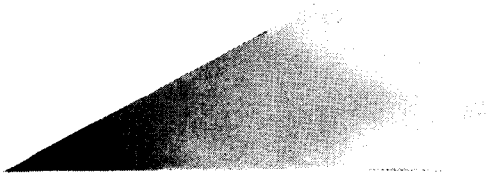

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